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KRUSHCHEV replies to Dulles

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The Krushchev Manifesto

On the following pages we publish the latest instalment in the Russell-Dulles-Krushchev correspondence. Perhaps the time has come to estimate what it has so far achieved in furthering the objectives which Bertrand Russell outlined in his original letter. As yet, no new proposals have emerged from either side. Neither of what Russell called the 'most potent sirs' has yielded an inch in his estimate of the other's malevolence and bad intentions, or has given his anxious readers any obvious grounds for believing compromise is possible. In this respect, the correspondence faithfully mirrors the grinding deadlock on the Summit talks. And yet, this exchange is something more than a unique journalistic phenomenon. For it has enabled the two men who have most influence over our destinies to present us with astonishingly candid – if unconscious – portraits of themselves. Much as we disagreed with Mr Dulles's analysis of the Cold War, his views are transparently honest ones, sincerely held and presented with the unshakeable conviction that the world must ultimately allow them to prevail. The same can be said – with added force – of Mr Krushchev's second letter. Seldom has any journal published a more fallible document; but seldom has a man's faith in his own cause so powerfully galvanised the halting limbs of his argument.

This is Krushchev's Manifesto: the confession of a limited, but confident and most able statesman, who has spent his life in the Communist crusade, who has watched its cause flourish, and who today finds it inconceivable that any honest-minded man should not share his practical conclusions about world affairs. He finds it inconceivable because he has a metaphysical faith that the *Weltgeist* is working itself out through 'history' and 'the people'. Difficult though it may be for us to understand, there seems little doubt that Krushchev believes every one of the 9,000 words he has written. This explains the relish with which he knocks down the fragile ninepins on which Mr Dulles had built his selective version of American history. It explains the impenetrable obstinacy with which he repeats his discredited version of the Hungarian tragedy. It explains the total incomprehension with which he regards the western concept of democracy by ballot. It even explains the phrase which, in all his wordy apologia, seems to us the most sinister: his statement that, even in a nuclear holocaust, history will still be working on the people's side. The rulers of the West – as the new Defence White Paper implied – still believe that war can bring victory. Now Krushchev suggests a similar conviction. Indeed, all along the line there is the same conflict of absolute certitudes. The greatest obstacle today to a meeting of minds is that the minds have so much in common.

Can we, therefore, draw no hope from this document? Yes we can: for the candour with which Krushchev plumbs the depths of the abyss now dividing the world also reveals the solid bedrock on which some limited *modus vivendi* can be based. The section in which he deals with disarmament should be read with great care: for in it one of the principal parties to the negotiations reveals the real motives which determine their labyrinthine contortions. Krushchev states plainly, citing the example of the American proposals for the control of outer space, that Russia will accept no agreement which materially alters the present military odds. He will not do so, he admits, because he simply does not trust the Americans. And he adds that he is fully aware that America is guided by exactly the same considerations.

Here, paradoxically, is the gleam of hope. For while Krushchev's frankness virtually rules out any weapons agreement contracted directly between the two super-powers, it does not exclude a pilot experiment which leaves the overall military balance unaltered, and in which the two powers themselves are not primarily involved. But these are precisely the two salient characteristics of the schemes put forward for 'disengagement' in Europe. Both the Gaitskell Plan – because it postulates German reunification – and the Rapacki Plan – because it excludes conventional forces – are impractical in their present form. But equally, both are negotiable, for the simple reason that they do not conflict with the fundamental image of a world polarised between good and evil – an image to which both Dulles and Krushchev are so deeply, and so tragically, committed.

Krushchev Writes Again

The following communication from Mr Krushchev – it is in effect a full-scale personal manifesto on the clash of ideology and power which threatens the world – is the latest contribution to the open correspondence initiated by Bertrand Russell in our issue of 23 November last. It replies to Mr Dulles's letter of 8 February.

DEAR Lord Russell,

I see that the NEW STATESMAN on 8 February published a letter from Mr John Foster Dulles, which he wrote on behalf of the American President in reply to your open letter addressed to myself and Mr Dwight D. Eisenhower, President of the United States.

I had no intention of writing you a second letter, as in my letter of 7 December I had already set out my views on the important international problems you had touched upon. However, after carefully reading Mr Dulles's letter in which he comments extensively and, regrettably, in a most peculiar way, on the Soviet Union's attitude and on my letter to you, the idea occurred to me to write you this letter. Naturally, it will deal with Mr Dulles's letter.

To read Mr Dulles's letter and remain silent – wouldn't that be tantamount to agreeing, to some extent, with what he writes? It is, however, impossible to agree – completely impossible – for in the heat of argument Mr Dulles has been so carried away that he has completely lost any basis of real facts and, in his arguments, has begun to base himself on his emotions. But deductions based on emotions, even if they come from a person of such strong convictions as Mr Dulles, do not acquire the weight of facts.

Emotions are always emotions. The logic of facts is an entirely different matter. I have always been attracted rather by the logic of facts, and not by the logic of emotional deductions.

One cannot but agree with Mr Dulles that the world in which we live is made of sterner stuff than mere words. So much combustible material has now been accumulated in this world that it needs only a single spark to cause disaster. The world is in a situation in which, by virtue of just one absurd incident or damage to the operational gear of a single plane carrying a hydrogen bomb, or as a result of the slightest deviation from the normal in the mentality of the pilot behind the controls, war can become a fact this very day.

I should like to say to Mr Dulles that we are both getting on in years. I don't know about him, but during the Second World War it fell to my lot to see the death of many of my comrades and the devastation of entire towns. Believe me, it is a terrible thing. But that was in war-time. Today, while British people are sleeping peacefully in their beds, a horrible death is constantly hovering over their heads, and it is borne not by enemy planes but by bombers carrying American atom and hydrogen bombs.

Probably Mr Dulles regards this circumstance differently from the way I regard it, and it awakens no protest from him; but I – and I am not alone – cannot speak of this without indignation. My entire being protests against such perilous playing with fire. And just think – for the sake of what? They say for the sake of security and as a defence against possible attack. What attack do they have in mind? It turns out that what they are thinking of is defence against a possible Soviet attack.

To such people one can only say:

'Come to your senses, gentlemen – what makes you think that the Soviet Union intends to attack the western powers? Why do you deceive your own people?'

I often wonder what kind of logic it is that some of the leaders of the western countries apply. If the Soviet Union says that there should be an immediate ending of nuclear weapon tests in view of the danger threatening mankind, we are told: 'That's propaganda'. If the Soviet Union suggests that a Summit conference be called to examine urgent problems – we are accused of trying to weaken the western world. If the Soviet Union proposes the disbanding of all military blocs and the dismantling of all military bases, we are accused of wanting to set the western allies 'against one another', and so on.

In everything connected with the Soviet Union Mr Dulles tries to see 'Communist propaganda'.

Let us examine calmly and soberly some of the most important aspects of the present international situation. If we base ourselves on facts, we have to admit that in the world today there are two world systems – the new, Socialist system, and the old, capitalist system. Each is developing in accordance with its own inherent laws. And these systems were not born today or yesterday.

Prior to October 1917, one system – the capitalist System – held undivided sway in the world. This system had asserted itself in the struggle against the system of feudal serfdom and had replaced that system practically everywhere on our planet. If you take a look at history you will soon become convinced that the new system was disliked by many at the time. History, however, did its job.

As a result of the victory of the working class in Russia, a new state, a workers' and peasants' state, was born – the Soviet Republic. A new, Socialist system was created over one-sixth of our planet. Even those who dislike this system cannot but admit that the people themselves have now become the complete masters of all their country's wealth, with full rights to build their own life. This is how the new ideology, whose founders were Karl Marx and Vladimir Ilyich Lenin, triumphed in practice.

I foresee that Mr Dulles will once again say: 'More propaganda.' Please understand me, Lord Russell, I have no intention whatsoever of making propaganda in this connection. I am compelled to speak of these things because Mr Dulles, in interpreting them in his own way, has given them a most peculiar slant.

There was no festive peal of bells to welcome the birth of the new Socialist world in Russia – only volleys from the guns aimed against the victorious people. Fourteen foreign countries launched a bloody crusade against the Soviet land. Tell me, on what grounds did they invade our country and attempt to drown the newly born Soviet Socialist state in rivers of the blood of the people? They did not like Soviet power and they planned to put a noose round the people's neck. Is it to be wondered at that the peoples of the Soviet land swept the interventionists from their soil, as a good housewife sweeps the rubbish from her home?

And then came the time for peaceful work, to furnish our house in a way that suited our people. And we all worked, oblivious of self, relying on no one, asking help from nobody – doing everything ourselves. It was hard, for we were creating a society never before known in history. Everything was done to hinder us and they threw spanners in the works, but Soviet men and women went resolutely forward, regardless of everything. For a long time the Soviet Union was the only Socialist country.

And then, in 1939, the Second World War broke out. You know how that ended. The peoples in a whole number of countries in Europe and Asia refused to tolerate any longer a system that had brought them war and disaster. They threw out the unwanted governments which had betrayed the peoples, and set up in their countries the system of people's democracy; they followed the Socialist path of development.

The Communists, who had always devoted their lives to the cause of the people and who had always been in the very midst of the people, flesh and blood of the people – those Communists who, together with their people, had experienced all the hardships and misfortunes and in every respect had set an example of loyal service to their country's interests – naturally proved worthy of the great confidence of the people. The victorious people of the Socialist countries saw in deeds that they were worthy of the people's confidence.

What is the strength the Communists possess, and where does it come from? Their strength lies in their unbreakable ties with the people. It is well known that, during the February Revolution, there were between 40,000 and 45,000 members of our party in Tsarist Russia. The party's forces grew, however. At the time of the April Conference, the party already had 80,000 members; in August, at the time of the Sixth Congress, there were 240,000, and on the eve of the October Revolution the party membership had grown to 400,000. The best sons and daughters of the people joined the party. What could the Communists have done in a country with a population of more than 100 million, unless they relied on the people, enjoyed their support, and expressed their cherished ideas and aspirations?

The Communist Party was the source of light which illumined the path to victory for the workers and peasants. The Communists helped the people, the disinherited and exploited men and women, to remove the scales from their eyes. The people themselves acted on the arena of history proclaiming their legitimate rights. And in the long run this is what will happen in other countries. This is what will happen both in the United States and in Britain, though there are no Soviet Communists there, nor will there be. Such is the relentless course of historical development, and no one can halt it.

We are confident that the ideas of Communism will find ways of reaching the minds of the peoples, for the teaching of Marxism and Leninism accords with the most vital interests of the working class, and not only of the working class. The working class is more receptive of the ideas of Communism for the very conditions of capitalism have prepared it to receive them, but Communism acts in the interests of the people as a whole, in the interests of historical progress.

Communists enjoy citizenship rights in their country on an equal footing with persons who do not belong to the party. In times of military misfortunes and hardships they voluntarily bear the brunt of those hardships and misfortunes, setting a personal example of heroism, steadfastness and self-sacrificing work. That is what Communists are. They are united in the party by Commun-

ist ideals and by unshakable belief in the triumph of the Communist society, in which there will be no oppression of man by man, or of nation by nation, and where the whole of society will consist of working people enjoying full rights, in which nations will form one united and harmonious family, regardless of colour of skin or language.

Well, is it the Communists who impose their rule on the peoples, and not the handful of millionaires and billionaires who have concentrated in their own hands all the main wealth of their countries, who have placed in their service the state, the army, the law courts, the police, and a mighty propaganda machine in the shape of countless papers and magazines, radio and television, clubs and entertainment establishments?

Such is the truth of life, which Mr Dulles has forgotten in his letter to you, dear Lord Russell. He prefers to allege that Communists are imposing their will, their rule, on the peoples, but to remain silent about facts which are obvious to everyone, such as the fact that the monopolists of a whole number of 'democratic' countries not only hold in the grip of their capital the masses of the peoples of their own countries, but also mercilessly exploit millions upon millions of people in colonial and dependent countries.

What explanation, other than a desire to mislead the readers, can there be for the fact that Mr Dulles deliberately confuses questions concerning the class struggle in individual countries with questions concerning relations between the capitalist and Socialist countries? I do not think this is done through lack of knowledge. No! Who should know better than Mr Dulles that the class struggle in each capitalist country is explained by internal economic and political factors? The struggle of the workers in the United States to improve their position, in defence of their rights, proceeds differently from the struggle of the workers in Italy, let us say, or France. The struggle of the American farmers differs, similarly, from the struggle of the Spanish peasants, although both are striving for a better life, striving to abolish the glaring injustice whereby the fruits of their labour are appropriated by a small handful of persons possessing power and wealth.

Mr Dulles distorts the foreign policy of the Soviet State, the policy of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. Who is there today who does not know that questions concerning the social system are decided by the peoples of each country separately? The peoples themselves decide how and in what way they can achieve the triumph of a system in which the men and women who create all the material wealth necessary for the development of society shall have the best material and spiritual opportunities for their life, so that the products of their labour may be distributed fairly among the workers and not appropriated by owners of enterprises, by financial magnates – that is to say, so that there is no exploitation of man by man. In the capitalist countries, the working people are waging a struggle against those who exploit and plunder them. The working people of the capitalist countries are struggling for the reorganisation of society.

In his attempt to mislead people who are insufficiently informed on political questions Mr Dulles distorts the sense of the Declaration of the Communist and Workers' Parties. What does this declaration say?

> The forms of the transition from capitalism to Socialism may vary for different countries. The working class and its vanguard – the Marxist-Leninist Communist Party – seek to achieve the Socialist revolution by peaceful means. This would accord with the interests of the working class and the people as a whole, as well as with the national interests of the country. . . .
>
> In the event of the ruling classes resorting to violence against the people, the possibility of non-peaceful transition to Socialism should be borne in mind. . . . In this case the degree of bitterness and the forms of the class struggle will depend not so much on the proletariat as on the resistance put up by the reactionary circles to the will of the overwhelming majority of the people, on these circles using force at one or another stage of the struggle for Socialism.
>
> The possibility of one or another way to Socialism depends on the concrete conditions in each country.

That is what is said in the declaration, which Mr Dulles interprets so freely and tendentiously. He depicts the ideological class struggle in the capitalist countries as consisting of actions caused by the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. We have said, and we continue to say, that the Communists in the Soviet Union sympathise with the struggle of the workers in the capitalist countries for their liberation from the yoke of monopoly-capital, but we have never imposed our ideology on anyone nor do we intend to do so, and especially not by force of arms. Mr Dulles is fully aware of this and yet he asserts the opposite.

In his speeches, Mr Dulles has frequently tried, for propaganda purposes, to use the Hungarian events against the Soviet Union. Since he refers to them again in his letter to you, Lord Russell, I must examine the essence of this question, at least briefly. And the essence is that, in Hungary, the Horthy elements, agents of foreign big monopoly capital, tried to overthrow the people's democratic order, to restore the hated Fascist regime in the country. The handful of Fascist conspirators and imperialist agents were followed by a small section of misguided honest people.

For their anti-popular objects, the enemies of Socialist Hungary took advantage of mistakes which the former Hungarian leaders had made. The conspirators provoked a rebellion against the legitimate government of the Hungarian People's Republic, which the people had elected on a constitutional basis. To declare that these Horthy elements were expressing the will of the people is to present black as white.

The Hungarian government had every right to appeal for help, and the Soviet government, on the basis of the agreement existing between our two countries, gave their help to Hungary – in the interests of the Hungarian people and of all the peoples of Europe – to prevent the return of the Horthy regime and to put an end to the Fascist violence that had begun in Hungary. The Soviet Union's help to fraternal Hungary was given on legitimate grounds, and it was justified from every point of view. If the counter-revolution had succeeded in establishing a Fascist regime in Hungary, it would have been a tremendous disaster for the peoples of Europe, and not of Europe alone, for it could have led to similar tragic events to those which arose after the Fascist seizure of power in Germany, Italy, Hungary, Austria, Spain, which brought people so much disaster, bloodshed and tears – including the peoples of the United States, Britain and France. In the last war our countries were allies, fighting jointly against bloody Fascism. It is in the interests of the peoples, in the interests of strengthening peace, to prevent the rise of Fascism.

It was to be expected that the Hungarian events would be dragged in artificially by Mr Dulles in confirmation of his argument about the Soviet Union's interference in other countries' domestic affairs. In touching on the Hungarian events, it must also be pointed out that the old class that has outlived its time will not voluntarily give way to the new. The whole course of history points this out convincingly. The feudal system gave way in fierce struggle to the capitalist system, which replaced feudalism. If we examine, for instance, the history of the rise of the United States of America as an independent state, we see that it was born in fierce struggle for freedom from colonial domination. Rising in struggle for their independence, the Americans did not ask the permission of the English. They drove the colonisers out and in the course of this struggle created their own state, the United States of America.

The Soviet Union also arose as the result of the struggle of the peoples of former Tsarist Russia against the bankrupt capitalist system. The Soviet people swept away all oppressors and foreign interventionists and, arms in hand, voted for Soviet power. How could the new system be consolidated in our country, in the peoples' democracies, without a self-sacrificing struggle by the working people against the power of the capitalists and landlords?

The peoples of the Soviet Union, of the Chinese People's Republic, of all the People's Democracies, won their freedom in stern struggle; they are now the creators of the new and most democratic society, in which there is no exploitation of man by man. Judge for yourself, Lord Russell, how objective and convincing is Mr Dulles's assertion that nowhere in the world does the Communist Party maintain its rule except by forcibly imposing that rule upon the great majority of the people.

I cannot help but draw attention to Mr Dulles's exhortation that power should be exercised only when 'this reflected the freely given consent of the governed'. This is precisely the stand we Communists take, and we fight for this, for it is the people who are the determining force, their will is sacred, it is their interests that the governments should express if they are really worth anything. In our opinion, it is not the people who must serve the government but the government which must serve the people.

Perhaps I am saying things which Mr Dulles does not like. However, I prefer speaking sharply and truthfully, to speaking politely and falsely.

Take the government of the Soviet Union, let us say, or any other Socialist country, and compare it with the government of the United States of America or any other capitalist country. Who is in power in the one and in the other? The situation here is so clear that I don't think there is any need for me to enlarge upon it. In the Soviet Union and in the other Socialist countries the members of the government, the leaders in all organs of state power, cannot but serve the interests of the people, for the very reason that they come from the people, they form part of the people, have been put forward by the people.

As far as the organs both of executive and legislative powers in the capitalist countries are concerned, though Mr Dulles tries to convince us that 'the governed entrust them with government', it is just the opposite. Who does not know that 'people of capital' and 'adherents of capital' rule there? It would be interesting to hear what Mr Dulles would say if he were to be asked whose interests were defended by the Rockefellers and the men in their service. How can the class interests of the billionaires be the same as the interests of the workers? Who can believe that the 'governed', that is the people, elect the organs of power in the capitalist countries by their own choice, in accordance with their own interests?

One can only wonder how it is that, every time after these so-called 'free elections', as a

rule it is not working people who are in power in the capitalist countries, but men of capital, not those who by their toil create the material and spiritual values, but those who possess the money with which to buy these values.

No, Mr Dulles, such 'miracles' do not happen, and things are fairly simple. You speak of 'force and violence' by the Communist parties, but you know far better what the force of capital, the violence of capital, are. This is well known by the workers, the small peasants, the clerks, the handicraftsmen, the entire working people, who have experienced it themselves, and for this reason they know how to appreciate the sincerity of Mr Dulles's 'indignation' regarding the 'violence' of the Communists.

Mr Dulles calls for submission to the tenets of the moral law on which his creed is based, and anathematises the tenets of the moral law on which the Communist ideology is based, particularly that 'variety of Communism' which is espoused by the Soviet Communist Party. And here Mr Dulles makes reference to Marx, Lenin and Stalin. For this reason I take the liberty of again drawing your attention to certain facts.

Mankind has continued for 1,957 years since the birth of Christ alone, but how many thousands of years had it existed before our system of chronology? And, as long as mankind has existed, so long have there been wars. They were waged by men long before the word Communism ever came into existence, let alone the term 'dictatorship of the proletariat'.

On what moral law were those wars based? If we were to follow Mr Dulles's logic, who but the Communists are to blame for those wars? But Marxism as a teaching has existed for only just over a hundred years, and the first Socialist state created on the basis of Communist ideology has only been in existence for 40 years!

Recall the Crusades. The whole of Europe supplied warriors for the armies of the Crusades. And they went through the land with fire and the sword, carpeting it with the corpses of the followers of the Christian religion and the bodies of the infidels. And how true is it that these men then fought for the grave of their Lord? Was it not for the rich lands of Asia Minor that the struggle was fought? Was it not in order to take these lands from the Moslem and Byzantine feudal lords and to ensure for the European merchants domination over the trade routes between Europe and Asia that the Crusades were organised by the enterprising zealots of the religion of Christ?

In his letter to you, Mr Dulles puts matters as if Communism and the Communists are the chief and practically the only culprits of wars. But was it the Communists who organised and waged the 30 years' Wars of the Roses in England? Was it they who kindled the wasteful Hundred Years' War between England and France? Was it they, the Communists, who sent British, French and other troops to the walls of the Russian city of Sebastopol in 1854, where thousands upon thousands of Russians, British and French gave their lives? And in the name of what moral law was the First World War started, taking over ten million lives?

When those wars were being fought, priests carrying the cross and holy images marched in the ranks of the warring troops, saying prayers for the triumph of the arms they had blessed. Is there anyone who does not know that the Second World War was not started by us, was not started by the Socialist state? It was started by the governments of the bourgeois countries and by bloody Fascism, given birth to by imperialism.

Anyone who studies life and examines history can discover the crying contradiction between historical facts and Mr Dulles's statements. And this is only natural, for Mr Dulles's statements do not conform to historical truth. It is not Communist ideology, but capitalism alone and its highest stage, imperialism, with its irreconcilable contradictions (between the monopoly groups) that gives rise to war. Imperialism has brought the contradictions between the capitalist states to the final limit and during the life of just one generation has given rise to two of the most devastating world wars, inflicting terrible wounds on mankind. With his characteristic bombast, Mr Dulles declares that it is not possible to find in the history of the United States any occasion when an effort has been made to spread its creed by force of arms. It is otherwise – allegedly – with the creed of Communism.

Enough of appealing to history, Mr Dulles. Surely you know that at one time the territory of your country was inhabited by numerous brave Indian tribes, valiant hunters and peaceful farmers? Where today are the native inhabitants of America? Can you name just one of them who represents his people in Congress? Can you give us the name of just one Indian who has become a millionaire or billionaire? . . . And where are those tribes themselves? It is said that they have been driven into reservations, and in some amusement parks, by paying a fee, one can see the descendants of these native inhabitants of America who are put on show. Exterminate completely an aboriginal people, destroy them in the name of capitalist civilisation. . . One must have a great belief in miracles to appeal to the memory of peoples and say that in the history of the United States there has not been any occasion 'when an effort has been made to spread its creed by force of arms'.

I don't want to be misunderstood. I have no intention whatever of accusing the forefathers of the present inhabitants of the United States of America of imposing by force of arms the creed of belief in white superiority over the aborigines of America. I am only referring to historical facts, and no more. Possibly Mr Dulles interprets them otherwise. But that is how I am used to understand them.

Or let me refer to another period in the history of the United States – the period of the wars between the slave-owning South against the North. What creed was being imposed by the slaveowners of the rich plantations in the southern states, turning millions of people like themselves into disfranchised cattle, just because their skin was black? The whole world knows that it was not a matter at that time of a single occasion of 'an effort made to spread their creed by force of arms', but a matter of the system of spreading the creed of the slaveowners. Of course, Mr Dulles may forget this, but the facts of history are unbiased. They rise up against Mr Dulles's assertions.

But why go into the past? Is it not in our own time that in the United States by force of arms, by flagrant violence, Negroes are being compelled not to send their children to schools where white children are taught? Isn't it in our own time that frenzied racists beat up and kill men with impunity, just because their skins aren't white? What about the creed of the superiority of the rich, the monopolists, over the workers and farmers? On what does this creed rest if not on the force of weapons at the disposal of the monopolists, the handful of millionaires and billionaires . . .

You will, of course, remember, Lord Russell, that in his letter to you Mr Dulles says that for the United States 'there is no need to "abandon" what Lord Russell condemns. On the contrary, it would be abhorrent and unthinkable that there should be introduced into our creed the concept of its maintenance or extension by methods of violence and compulsion'.

But let us resort to facts once more. Let us recall the United States' vile war against Mexico, as a consequence of which Texas and other territories were torn by force from Mexico. Had Mexico attacked the United States? No, this was most flagrant United States aggression against a weaker neighbour. And what about the Spanish-American war of 1898, unleashed by American imperialism? That was the first war of the epoch of imperialism. As a result of that war, such Spanish colonies as Cuba, Puerto Rico, Guam and the Philippines became American colonies. Do you remember those wars, Mr Dulles?

Or by what concept was the United States guided when it sent troops to the Far East during the civil war in Soviet Russia? And how many indirect, camouflaged wars have been waged by aggressive United States circles against other states? Let us just recall Guatemala, where the democratic government, lawfully elected by the people, was destroyed and the President, who enjoyed the support and confidence of the people, was forced to leave the country. Or take such an historical fact as the direct interference by the United States in the internal affairs of China, and the open, completely uncloaked military support for the bankrupt Chiang Kai-shek clique, and the ignoring of the great Chinese People's Republic.

If one were to take Mr Dulles's words in good faith, one might assume that he really does believe in the non-interference of some states in the internal affairs of other states. But there again, turning to the facts, we see that his words part company with reality.

Are the demands of leading statesmen in the US to discuss among the great powers the position of the state structure in the eastern European countries compatible with a respect for non-interference? Does not such a policy bring to mind the activities of a colonialist, who wants to arrange the affairs of another country as he does on his own estate? And what is this 'Dulles-Eisenhower doctrine'? It also envisages direct and open interference by imperialist states in the internal affairs of the countries of the Middle East under the guise of fighting Communism. Everyone knows full well that this doctrine denies the right of the peoples to decide their own fate for themselves in the way they think necessary, in accordance with their own interests.

The colonial war in Algeria has been in progress for several years now. There is great bloodshed there. Are the Communists, against whom Mr Dulles breathes thunder and lightning, to blame for this? No, this war was unleashed by the representatives of monopoly capital in France, who do not want a peaceful settlement of the Algerian problem, but try by military force to preserve its colonial supremacy in Algeria and extort profits from there. What moral laws govern those who send French soldiers and mercenary troops to 'pacify' the Algerian population, and who gave the order for the bombing of the defenceless Tunisian village of Sakiet Sidi Youssef?

The peoples of the colonial and dependent countries want to break away from the yoke of colonialism. Some peoples have already liberated themselves, others are struggling for their freedom and independence, others again are gather-

ing their strength, in order to stand up in the future and break the chains of colonial slavery. The imperialists are trying to keep their colonies, they want to accumulate still more wealth by exploiting the peoples of the colonial and dependent countries.

That is the essence of events in Algeria, Tunisia and the countries of the Middle East. Such are the facts. They are stronger than words. Where, in fact, are Mr Dulles's moral laws?

Now let us turn to other questions, which Mr Dulles touched upon in his letter. He declares that the US rejects the concept of nuclear war. 'The United States,' Mr Dulles writes, 'not only rejects that concept, but strives earnestly to do something to remove the danger of nuclear war.' These are fine words. We should welcome them with all our heart, if they were followed up with practical deeds. We have often declared and here again declare that the Soviet Union does most sincerely strive to do everything that depends on it, in order to prevent the course of events which can lead to atomic war, to the extent that its consequences will be catastrophic to all countries.

Thus, so far as a desire to avert the danger of an atomic war breaking out is concerned, our positions, as it were, coincide. What, then, is the matter? Why not go from words to deeds, and make it possible for the peoples to breathe, freed from the danger of a new world conflagration which hangs over them like the sword of Damocles? Why not enable the world—to quote your good words, Lord Russell—'to live again in a noonday brightness of hope'?

The Soviet Union is ready to settle the disarmament problem as quickly as is practically possible in the interests of peace and security of the peoples. We have supported and still do support a radical solution of disarmament problems; we have been and still are in favour of the complete and unconditional prohibition of atomic and hydrogen weapons, the ending of their production and testing, the destruction of all existing stockpiles, and a substantial reduction in armed forces, armaments and military expenditures—all with the establishment of reasonable international control.

We are not the ones who would hold things up. However, as you know, due to certain considerations, the western powers, and above all the US, are avoiding this solution of the disarmament problem. If the western powers are not ready to accept a maximum programme, then we have suggested a minimum programme, in the belief that it is very important to make a first step, in order then to solve one problem after the other, until finally that day the peoples so long for will be reached, the day when war as a means of solving international problems will be excluded.

I must tell you, dear Lord Russell, that I am becoming more and more convinced that certain people in the West have a biased approach to any proposal made by the Soviet Union, including those proposals on disarmament problems in which many proposals by the western powers are given careful consideration; they regard them beforehand with some suspicion and fear, as if they had before them a delayed action bomb just about to go off.

Of course, it is impossible to deny that mutual distrust still exists; we do not trust the governments of the western powers in all respects, and distrust is displayed towards the Soviet Union. There's nothing to be done about this: a lot of effort must still be exerted to dispel these suspicions about the Soviet Union's policy, and the governments of the western powers must show by their deeds their desire for peace and the security of the peoples. Are we not coming up against yet another phenomenon which assuredly prevents us from reaching mutual understanding? For the policy of the Soviet Union is frequently presented in a distorted form with the deliberate desire of casting a shadow on it and arousing distrust and suspicion towards it.

Judge for yourself, Lord Russell. The US Secretary of State writes, for example, that the Soviet Union has rejected the US proposal for the creation of 'an international organ of control over all forms of the use of atomic energy'.

But to present the matter in this way is to distort the true facts of the case. In actual fact, when the US enjoyed a monopoly of atomic energy, it suggested the establishment of some kind of world pool, known as the Baruch plan. But the most important question is, for what aims? If it had been a matter of prohibiting the production and use of atomic energy for military purposes, then there could have been no doubt that all honest people in the world would have warmly welcomed such a step by the US government. And we should not now have been faced with these complicated problems, raised by the nuclear arms drive.

The circumstances of the matter were, however, different. The US representatives proposed a plan which, if it had been carried out, would only have strengthened the United States' monopoly over atomic energy, and would have made the US the complete and only master of the secret of the production of atomic bombs – which, of course, could only suit certain monopoly circles, which have laid, and still do lay, claim to establishing world domination.

How could the acceptance of such a plan by the peace-loving countries be expected, when it was clear to everyone that at the bottom of this plan lay not concern for peace and the security of the peoples, but the selfish aims of imperialist monopolies? Even the United States itself later rejected the fundamental principles of its own plan.

We say: let us act, let us impose a strict prohibition on atomic and hydrogen weapons, immediately cease testing these weapons and establish reasonable controls. Let us come to an agreement on conditions which do not trespass on the interests of the parties concerned, which do not lead to the strengthening of some and the weakening of others, on conditions which would not lead to states losing their independence and sovereignty, whichever system they may belong to, and on conditions which would not offer advantages to some countries to the detriment of others.

The time is ripe and, before the opportunity is missed, the Soviet Union calls on the western powers. It is time to go over from words to deeds, we shall act on the basis of equal rights, without dictation – not from a 'position of strength', but from a position of reason.

As I have written already to you, Lord Russell, in my previous letter, man's reason and conscience cannot be reconciled to the dangerous threat of nuclear war, common sense protests against the senseless and – I will speak frankly – criminal waste of national wealth on the invention of ever more terrible means of destruction and devastation. The scientists' wonderful discoveries which have captured man's imagination can bring full sufficiency and happiness to mankind, if they are turned to peaceful aims, to lightening people's work, eradicating disease: in short, to everything that makes man's life on earth a joyful and a full one.

In a situation which is poisoned by the Cold War, even the greatest achievements of science, the product of great minds and persistent work by people worthy of respect, are painted in military colours, and are applied to purposes foreign to the spirit of man. You have probably noticed, Lord Russell, that in the United States even the launching of the sputniks was regarded by many official spokesmen, and by the press in particular, primarily from the point of view of their military significance. Now we hear that American scientists have been given the task of working to design sputniks to be used for reconnaissance purposes.

In his letter to you, Mr Dulles also touches on the question of outer space. Recalling the well-known proposal made by the President of the United States, Mr Eisenhower, Mr Dulles says that the Russians now have 'the chance to demonstrate that its words of peace mean something more than a mere effort to lull the non-Communist world into a mood of illusory security'.

You probably remember, Lord Russell, that the President of the US proposed the prohibition of the use of outer (interplanetary) space for testing missiles, intended for military use, and also to end the production of such weapons, which envisage the use of inter-planetary space. To put it more shortly, it is a question of prohibiting inter-continental ballistic rockets.

As you know, the Soviet Union has expressed its readiness to examine this question. The only question is how to examine it. It is proposed to us that we extract from the general problem of disarmament the question of the inter-continental rocket, leaving other questions of disarmament – for example, the question of the prohibition of atomic and hydrogen weapons – unresolved. What is to be done? You must agree that it is unreasonable to focus attention on outer space, on inter-continental ballistic rockets – which, incidentally the US does not possess – and leave the question of nuclear weapons and the whole range of disarmament problems as before.

Surely, with such logic and such an approach, even if we managed to reach a definite agreement on outer space, the whole question of disarmament would acquire a kind of ill-omened character: the unlimited production and accumulation of atomic and hydrogen weapons would continue, as well as other kinds of armament, until finally they were brought into use by some evil will.

This is the essence of the question and this is the logical conclusion, if the matter is approached seriously.

We agree to discuss the question of the control of cosmic space, that is in fact the question of intercontinental ballistic rockets. But this question must be examined as part of the general disarmament problem, including the question of prohibiting nuclear weapons and liquidating the US military bases surrounding the Soviet Union.

We are told that here the Soviet Union is again 'presenting conditions', is again tying one disarmament question to another. Yes, we are tying them together in the same way that they are tied together in real life; for if we did otherwise, instead of an end to the arms drive, this drive could develop speeds such as the world has never known. There could be only one result: the moment would come, when, according to the will of imperialist circles, a holocaust would burst upon the world – and then it would be too late to discuss whether or not one disarmament problem is related to another.

The Soviet Union, of course, has weapons against these bases. It also has intercontinental ballistic rockets. And although the United States of America lies a considerable way from the Soviet Union, the Soviet Union now possesses the means of fighting against the US, if the latter should unleash war against us. The Soviet Union had these means previously also, in the form of

intercontinental bombers, but the ballistic rocket is of course an improved weapon. This is why we can understand the US interest in the problem of outer space. It demands the prohibition of the intercontinental ballistic rocket in order to put itself in a more advantageous position, should war break out. If a sensible approach is to be made, then thought must be given not only to one's own security, but also to the security of other countries of Asia and Africa, where American military bases are sited and which, should war break out, would be subject to retaliatory attacks.

I think therefore, Lord Russell, that you will agree that the question of the control of the use of outer space must be decided simultaneously with the prohibition of atomic and hydrogen weapons, the ending of tests, the liquidation of American military bases sited close to the Soviet Union and other Socialist countries and directed against those countries.

The Soviet Union is therefore trying to solve the disarmament problem in such a way that its solution will be a threat neither to the US, nor to the USSR, nor to any other country and will favour neither the US, nor the USSR, to the disadvantage of other countries. Such an approach is, it seems, the only correct and reasonable one. It is therefore possible to say in advance that if the leaders in the US count on using pressure and diplomatic circumventions to achieve agreements which would place the US in the position of a protected and invulnerable country, but other countries in a defenceless position, then they count in vain. I have already had occasion to say that if the 'policy of strength' towards the Soviet Union was previously unintelligent and dangerous, then in present-day conditions it is simply adventurist and disastrous for the American people as well.

You know very well, Lord Russell, that modern armaments, atomic and hydrogen bombs, will be exceptionally dangerous during a time of war not only for the two warring states in terms of direct devastation and destruction of human beings; they will also be deadly for states wishing to stay aside from the military operations, since the poisoned soil, air, food, etc., would become the source of terrible torments and the slow annihilation of millions of people. There is in the world today an enormous quantity of atom and hydrogen bombs. According to the scientists' calculations, if they were all to be exploded simultaneously, the existence of almost every living thing on earth would be threatened.

Isn't it, therefore, time to think again, to end this duel of words, to eliminate the Cold War, which was not begun by the peace-loving peoples, and turn to concrete negotiations in order, in a business-like atmosphere, paying heed to each other's interests, patiently step by step to advance towards the solution of ripening international problems, including the problem of disarmament? And for this there is no need for either the Soviet Union or the United States of America to renounce its own ideology.

Mr Dulles, however, believes that the Soviet Union must reject 'at least that part of the Soviet Communist creed'. Which part, Mr Dulles, would you want Communists to reject? What if we were to suggest that Mr Dulles should reject private property and establish in his country public property? I do not think that Mr Dulles is prepared to do this. And not only he, but others of his persuasion. Therefore we consider it absurd to present the question in this way. Only someone who is not trying to achieve agreement between states, not trying to eliminate the Cold War or ease international tension, only someone who is against peaceful co-existence, can present the question in that way.

Certain eminent political figures have adopted the practice of blackening the Communist movement, of showing it in a distorted form as an aggressive teaching, allegedly based on violence and wars, of describing the matter in such a way that the Socialist countries appear to be the instigators of international tension. They are guided by the rule: The more you heat up the atmosphere of distrust among states, the better. Such a policy is understandable. The imperialists exploit the people's fear of a war, so that it is easier for them to extort constantly growing taxes from the population, and waste huge sums on the armaments drive. They are not disturbed that such a policy can lead to war – for war is the most abundant source of enrichment for the monopolies.

We have condemned and still condemn such an ill-advised policy which can lead to nothing good. However much our opponents may slander us, the Socialist countries will not disappear because of that, and Communism, the most progressive and humanist teaching, will not cease to exist.

How many attempts there have been to destroy Communism by force of arms! History has shown convincingly where this leads. Only short-sighted people can think that the ideas of Communism can be destroyed by war. These ideas are reaching the minds and hearts of many millions more people, with growing strength, and are spreading far and wide. Everyone remembers how – after the First World War the imperialists unleashed – as a result of the October Revolution, the first Socialist state in the world was created in Russia, a state in which the people took the power into their own hands. The Second World War, also unleashed by the imperialists, aroused a mighty people's movement and led to the victory of Socialism in a number of countries of Europe and Asia, and to the formation of the great camp of Socialist countries.

I think that if imperialism unleashes a new world war, it will perish in it. The peoples will not want to put up with a system which cannot exist without wars, without the annihilation of millions of people, to enrich a handful of monopolists.

I should like to say once more that ideological questions are not solved as Mr Dulles suggests. Ideological questions and questions of social organisation are the internal affairs of the peoples of each country.

These are the questions about which, on learning of Mr Dulles's letter, I consider it necessary to say a few words. Please excuse the fact that I have had to elucidate in some considerable detail some positions which received such incorrect treatment in Mr Dulles's letter.

With deep respect,

Н.ХРУЩЕВ

Moscow, 5 March

Comments on the Week's News

Manila and Sumatra

The Seato meeting at Manila has been accompanied by conventional Cold War demonstrations from both East and West. The Seato foreign ministers are officially reported to have discussed 'the problems of checking Communist subversion and countering the Soviet economic offensive in the region and strengthening defence measures'. In return, the Russians have mooted a series of unprecise proposals for an Asian collective security pact; and they have coupled them with the usual warnings about the danger to those who throw in their lot with the aggressive plans of the West. All this is common form for both – and largely meaningless. The Seato meeting is, however, of some importance in that it gives Messrs Dulles, Lloyd and Pineau a chance to review the route to the Summit in the light of personal advice from their Asian allies. It is unlikely that even the loyal conformists of Seato have remained entirely unmoved by the tide of Asian opinion, which is running strongly against the Dulles policy of military bases and strongly in favour of Summit talks. But by far the most important issue which fell to be determined at Manila was the attitude of the western powers towards the civil war in Indonesia. Partly, do doubt, as a propaganda response to the Seato meeting, Communist propaganda (especially in the Chinese press) has made no bones about its claim that the Sumatran rebellion is financed and organised by the US in the interests of the oil companies. We can find no evidence to support this. During the past few weeks the companies have behaved with considerable discretion; and in any case the State Department has for long been very cautious about imperilling normal relations with the central government in Java. However, the present situation is explosive. The proximity of Singapore emphasises the danger that the western powers might, in certain circumstances, feel their vital interests threatened by events in Indonesia; while the presence of units of the US fleet legitimately at hand to evacuate civilians, will certainly serve to give some creditability to Chinese propaganda. Both power blocks, manœuvring against one another over Seato and seeking any new weapon of propaganda, should remember that the real danger in Indonesia is that civil war might be widened to become a war by proxy between the great powers.

Going Down?

The minus signs accumulate in the US economy. The most dramatic indicator is unemployment, officially above 5.2 million and still increasing, but the decline in retail sales, in freight loadings, and in the use of industrial capacity tell the same story. This is already a recession of some magnitude, and it has developed despite the 'built-in stabilisers' which were believed to be enough to prevent any serious setback in the US economy. No one can yet be sure how far the decline will go: the normal improvement in the spring may yet arrest it, even if it does not promote a recovery to boom conditions. But if there is no recovery by late spring, then the situation will indeed be serious. It is this uncertainty about the prospect that is colouring both Administration policy and the proposals made by Democrats in Congress for remedial measures. Things have already gone far enough, however, for the President to suggest a public works programme to the tune of $2,000m. and for talk of tax cuts to boost purchasing power to be common in Washington. Mr Eisenhower's reluctance to go in for 'New Deal' type spending means that this programme will be limited. He has already said that he is

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worried about 'the sudden upsurge of pump-priming schemes' which would create 'huge Federal bureaucracies' of the New Deal type, and he has insisted that the upturn of the economy—the phrase echoes the speeches of Herbert Hoover in 1930—'be the result of millions of citizens making their purchases, having greater confidence'. The President believes that the 'private economy has a way of steering its own course' and that government action is not the most important factor in controlling the ups and downs of the economy. This ignores the part that defence spending has played in making and sustaining the American boom. Indeed, the Defence Department's decision to increase its spending on weapon procurements and construction is admittedly a decision taken for economic rather than military reasons.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Westminster

The Decline of the Lobby?

Those who know the House of Commons only from outside might assume that, this week, the H-bomb would be almost the sole topic of conversation in Westminster. But they would be wrong. An even more lively topic is what to do about Mr C. J. Simmons's Children and Young Persons (Registered Clubs) Bill.

Simmons, a strong teetotaller, wants to bring clubs into line with the general law of the land which forbids the sale of intoxicants to anyone under the age of 18. Most people, I should imagine, would agree with that. But he also wants to exclude anyone under the age of 14 from entering a club bar during permitted hours. This apparently harmless proposal may in fact prevent parents from taking their families to concerts in the singing room of a club, or from taking them after a match into the pavilions of cricket and football clubs where alcohol is served.

The reaction of clubmen the country over has been immediate. Deputations have waited on MPs on their surgery days; circulars, postcards and letters have begun to flood the Westminster post offices, and even the most phlegmatic MPs are beginning to look slightly worried. For, as this is a private member's bill, no one can shelter behind the party line: everyone must make up his own mind and face the consequences. If the issue is a big one such as capital punishment, most MPs will make up their minds honestly. But on the lesser issues, such as betting, blood sports and drink, those members who feel no special urge of conscience become unpleasantly aware of the spectre of expediency. The waverer broods over his mail. All those letters from the churches, the temperance societies, the individual do-gooders – does this mean that Podsnap is more formidable or merely more vocal? The question still nags when the next batch of mail brings shoals of letters from club secretaries, cricket-team presidents and individuals who object to interference with their private lives. Eventually, the worried member consults his agent and, if even that hard-headed child of man can give no firm advice, the member probably discovers some meeting in a remote part of Britain which prevents his attendance in the House when the bill is discussed.

Yet I suspect that all this worry is both wrong-headed and unnecessary. The 'non-conformist vote' and the 'pub vote' have, I think, little reality at election time. In so far as they exist, they are likely to be won by honesty. Even though a working men's club in his own division has told Simmons that its members will oppose him if he persists with his bill, I suspect that the individual members will in fact rather admire Simmons for telling their secretary, in effect, to jump in the nearest lake.

Further, a good deal of steam seems to have left even the official bodies who claimed in the past to represent 'Leave-us-alone' or 'Stop-what-you're-doing' brigades. As this journal reaches you, Mr Denis Howell will be moving a resolution in the House asking the government to appoint a committee to examine the anomalies in the Lord's Day Observance Acts. A few years ago, when this issue was last raised, the House echoed to shouts of 'Continental Sunday'. But to date, although notice of motion was given weeks ago, I myself have not had a single letter on the subject and Howell himself has had only six. Some cynics explain this by saying that in the past much of the campaign against a freer Sunday has been financed by certain English brewers who hoped that boredom would drive Englishmen into the public houses; but that now, under pressure from Welsh brewers who have no public houses to open on Sunday, the English brewers are keeping quiet. A more likely explanation is that public opinion on this issue has so far progressed that MPs feel free to cock a snook at pressure groups. Perhaps, therefore, we shall now feel sufficiently free from nice electoral calculation to concentrate on the H-bomb.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

Let the People Speak

I have had a spate of letters about the disclosures of newspaper practices in the action for libel brought against the *People* by a prison warder whom it described as 'a rat' and accused of taking money from the relatives of prisoners. Whatever one may think of some of its methods the *People* is much to be congratulated on fighting and winning this action. But some of the evidence during it has caused much discussion in Fleet Street.

Although this was, in the Lord Chief Justice's words, 'as serious a libel action as I have ever tried in my many years experience', and although libel actions normally provide good copy and this did so in abundance, particularly at a time when newspaper methods are a matter of acute public controversy, the national press, apart from *The Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*, almost entirely ignored the case – one is tempted to say suppressed it – until the verdict had been given. There were a couple of short stories in the *Daily Sketch* and one in the *Mail*, but practically nothing else. Newspapers have always – and properly – held that their right to report evidence before the courts is one of the essential bulwarks of freedom. How then can they justify silence when one of their own number is affected?

What of the case itself? A startling feature of it – although one, as the Lord Chief Justice pointed out, that had in fact little to do with the actual issues involved – was the disclosure that the *People* had 'faked' a sensational picture taken by one of its own photographers and prominently featured in its pages. This was of the warder concerned, Hamilton, receiving a packet which he had been told contained £1 notes from a *People* reporter who had pretended to be the brother of a prisoner in Wandsworth jail, and had managed to lure him to where the photographer was hiding. The 'faking' consisted of painting out a cigarette which Hamilton had in his hand, in order, claimed his counsel, to make it look as though he were eagerly grabbing the money whereas, according to his story, it had been thrust at him without previous warning.

It is difficult to find any adequate defence for the alteration of this photograph. The *People* itself is no doubt by now heartily sorry that it ever went in for it. It is to be hoped it is not only sorry but ashamed. Yet it seems quite possible that the re-touching was, in fact, done innocently and with no idea but to make a clearer picture. The *People* was by then quite confident that its charges against the warder had been fully proved and in this, of course, it has since been justified in a court of law. Moreover the vast majority of newspaper pictures are in fact retouched in some degree. Most of them have to be to reproduce effectively on newsprint. This retouching normally affects minor details and does not in any way affect the validity of the photograph.

What of the *People's* conduct otherwise? In giving their verdict for the *People* the jury added a rider strongly deprecating the methods employed by the paper to obtain evidence. But I wonder whether this condemnation is justified. This is one of those instances where the purposes of popular journalism need to be considered. The *People* and some of its Sunday contemporaries fulfil functions very different from those of the serious journals of reporting and interpretation. But while what they do is different it is not necessarily either unimportant or without social value.

The *People* is not a paper which many readers of *The Times*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Observer* or the *Sunday Times* are likely to find very satisfying. It contains a great deal that is trivial. But it has also particularly set itself to carry on a tradition which has a long and often admirable history in both British and American journalism – the muck-raking tradition of exposing abuses, unmasking scoundrels, and throwing the strong searchlight of publicity in dark social corners. No doubt this is good circulation-raising material. But it does also happen that in the course of all these activities the *People* has successfully brought to book several unpleasant characters who, but for its intervention, might have got off scot-free, and it has righted one or two injustices which might well have gone on weighing heavily on people with little personal ability to defend themselves without its help.

Nor, indeed, in the exposures leading to this recent libel case can it be denied that, as the Lord Chief Justice pointed out, it did a considerable public service. Journalism of this kind has its dangers. It calls – it always has called – for a tough detective approach quite different from that required from the straight reporter. It is full of snares and the *People* fell into one of them as the evidence of the photograph showed. But the *People's* tough examination of unsavoury places and its tough treatment of quite a number of unsavoury people have often produced results of which it can legitimately feel proud. Here in fact is the other side of the intrusion issue which has recently evoked so much public discussion.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Television By-Elections

KELVINGROVE was the second television by-election. But the co-operation of the politicians was grudging enough to show that they are still shy of new electoral techniques. They prefer familiar methods that can be reduced to the routines of the agent's handbook and guaranteed to deliver the vote. They are suspicious of any innovation that may loosen the grip of the party machine upon its voters or that may give their opponents some unforeseen advantage. If the politicians of the 19th century did not like coming to terms with a free press, their successors in this century were slow to realise the value of radio as a means of reaching the electorate – and they limited its use by conditions which have taken elections off the air except for the carefully circumscribed programmes put out by each party. More recently, they have reluctantly accommodated themselves to television, a medium of which the party managers have clearly been – and probably still are – afraid.

It is to the credit of Granada TV that, at Rochdale, it finally forced the machine men to grow up into the television age, though the programmes to which they finally agreed were limited in scope. If these limits seem likely to be accepted temporarily as a precedent, at least a beginning has been made, and it must now be the objective of television producers to win the right to treat their viewers as the newspapers by common consent can treat their readers. Even this limited success, however, was not secured without difficulty. A special report prepared by Granada on the Rochdale election shows how much patience and how much hard work was needed in order to transmit three programmes out of the five originally proposed to the parties.

Granada's original invitation was to the candidates and not the party HQs – constitutionally quite proper, since election law does not recognise the existence of party labels, or even of Mr Morgan Phillips and Lord Hailsham. Before very long, however, Mr Phillips said it was 'strange' that he had not been consulted. By then the matter had been taken out of the hands of Granada and the local agents: it had become a policy matter for the ITA, the party headquarters and the Law Officers. At once the hidebound rules were dusted off. Since the general agreement between the party machines and the BBC has provided for a division of time between the parties in the ratio of four Conservatives, four Socialists and one Liberal, should this ratio be enforced in the particular circumstances of a by-election? Or should the ratio be, as Granada suggested, 2:2:1? At this point Mr Phillips took a correct position. Each of the candidates, he said, should have equal time. As the Granada spokesman pointed out later, when this proposal was finally accepted, 'all election procedure is based on the premise that the slate has been wiped clean and that each candidate should have an equal chance to present his case'. This is demonstrably fair at a by-election; if the 4:4:1 ratio were enforced, a Liberal candidate would get only 80 seconds in a 12-minute programme, and a 'splinter' candidate would be lucky if he were permitted to appear. And unfairness is not the whole point. Television, like any other medium, should not be the preserve of special and powerful interests. It should help the electors to weigh up the virtues of the candidates, and their faults – and the personality revealed by the television camera is part of that assessment.

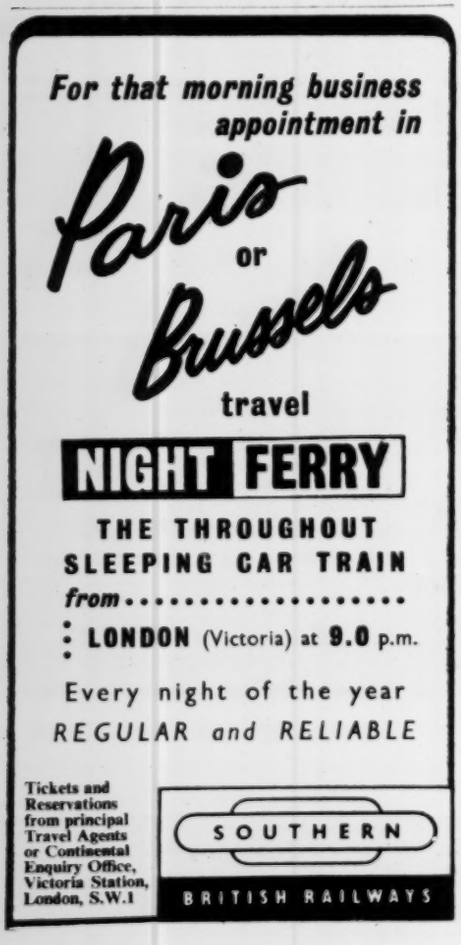
A further difficulty then arose. Would the programmes violate either the Representation of the People Act or the Television Act? Even after the three parties had agreed 'in principle', the views of the Law Officers had to be considered. They decided that the programmes could not be faulted under electoral law, unless they were put on 'with a view to promoting or procuring the election of a candidate'. It is most improbable that any action could lie under that head. This is, indeed, a risk which is so negligible that newspapers ignore it in reporting and commenting upon elections. But what of the Television Act? Strictly applied, it could be held to exclude anything but 'properly balanced discussions or debates' – a construction that would rule out all fair reporting and background information about the constituency and the candidates. In the end the ITA endorsed Granada's plans with slight modifications; and the remaining difficulties were local and trivial.

Yet some of the problems raised by this pioneer venture have not yet been settled; and the party managers are still anxious about its implications. Television has not yet established, for instance, its right to pick and choose between by-elections. It still has no right to 'report' – though Mr Grimond has reasonably distinguished between 'news', in which the company responsible for the programmes should use its own editorial judgment, and 'views', in which the programmes should be agreed by the parties or the candidates in advance. If the Television Act does in fact rule out such 'reporting' as

'You and your crazy ideas!'

interviews with electors and information about the constituency, then it should be amended. The more restrictions that party organisations seem to place upon free discussion and honest reporting the more justification an already cynical public will have for suspecting that they have something to hide.

This raises another matter of some importance. The appearance of minority candidates at Kelvingrove, and possibly at North Islington, has already led to an outcry against giving publicity to splinter groups. A TV appearance is cheaply bought, the argument runs, at the price of the £150 deposit. This is the voice of bureaucratic intolerance. Our party machines are too powerful, and the opportunities for dissent too limited. No one is going to be seriously harmed if a Scottish Nationalist or a pacifist gets on to the screen: the barriers against dissenting opinion have already restricted controversy too much. To deny them their brief moment before the cameras is to make a mockery of an electoral system which recognises all candidates as equal. But the clamour for party control over television is revealing. The machine men are bound to be afraid of any change which threatens their monopoly – a change, moreover, which is bound to react adversely on the faceless hack and put a premium on candidates with personality. If this new medium can quicken public interest, and combine genuine controversy with fair treatment for all, it will do much to repair the damage done by machine politics. Television and radio must gain the rights to report and comment that the press has won, subject to two reservations: that over a period of time – say the duration of an election – its reports should be fair and balanced, and that a public authority, the BBC or ITV, should be responsible for ensuring fairness.



London Diary

Like half the inhabitants of London I am looking for somewhere to live, and preparing myself once again for a prolonged stay in that underworld where landlords and house-agents move with all the cold malevolent dream-logic of Dickens's villains. You can see that I have lost what is known as a sense of proportion after only one week in it. A dozen agents' lists have produced one possible flat: five-year lease, £500 key money, £6 a week. Four dingy little rooms; the 'F & F' consisting of a square of torn carpet and some faded cotton curtains. 'I can never understand,' I said to the grey ingratiating agent, his palms greasy with the oil from a thousand front-door keys, 'why everyone else finds it so easy to make money. I'm so obviously always in the wrong racket.' Responding sympathetically to his own dialect, he said: 'Well that's it, you see. You have to be on the right side, haven't you? You've got the point *absolutely*. If you want to know, I'll tell you. I started with £200, deposited it on a £4,000 house, sold it within a week for £4,500 cash – and there I was with capital. It's initiative. Have you got it or not? Then you'll have to pay the price, won't you?'

* * *

The price is three or four times what it was four years ago when I last tried to think of ways to beat the racket; and these have become incredibly devious and time-consuming, even if one is not prepared to go to the lengths of the man I was told of yesterday, who has married his house-agent's chief clerk. Some of my experience from those happy pre-Act days still seems valid – the rule for instance, that you should never sign a lease until you've consulted the neighbours. I was on the point of putting down a deposit on a very cheap, freehold, empty, redecorated house: as I lingered in the garden 'complete with Anderson shelter suitable for growing mushrooms', wondering what the snags might be, a woman emerged from the house next door and called me over. 'You aren't going to buy that cave are you dear?' she said reproachfully. It appeared her mother had lived in it until six months before when she had been driven out by dry and damp rot. A month ago walls and ceilings had been sprouting 'like moss on those trees in those swamps on the pictures. If you live here the rot'll come bulging out of the wall and push you out before you know it.' The festoons of rot had been scraped off and the walls papered over, but the surveyor had noticed nothing wrong. The revolutionary notion of central-heating coupled with this island's instinctive distrust of comfort is pure gold to the landlord. A flat advertised as *c.h.* turned out to have the heating switched off between the end of April and the beginning of September. The agent admitted the heating put £100 on the rent, but when I pointed out that electric heaters were blazing in every room, said: 'It takes the chill off the air, doesn't it? You don't want more than that, it's not healthy.' At the time of Suez I canvassed the dozen small tradesmen along my street: they were John Bullishly wog-hating, instinctive Tories. Now they are wavering towards Labour – or at least away from the Conservatives. It's the Rent Act that's done it; for everyone is affected directly or indirectly.

* * *

The barking of police dogs has obscured the – at least to me – most interesting aspect of the D . . ning Street Affair, namely, what happened afterwards in B . . Street. My sentimental belief in the niceness of the British police died in my first demonstration. My apparently equally sentimental belief in British justice died last week when, after the demonstration, I tried to find a lawyer prepared to go into court and bring witnesses to prove that the police were beating up single individuals in groups of five or six, and were observed by at least a dozen people kicking a man already lying unconscious on the pavement. Each lawyer said it was useless to accuse the police of anything: the magistrate would only increase the fine 'for wasting the time of the court'.

The time of the court was certainly not wasted by the ritual monthly taxing of the girls, some 20 of them at 20 seconds each. Greeted in the corridors by the police, their old friends: 'Hullo, Betty', 'Hullo, Joan, your turn again?' The court, and a brisk solemnity: 'Guilty, or not guilty?' 'Guilty.' 'Common prostitute, 40s.'. Next, please. The atmosphere remained as comfortably domestic for us. A youth sitting next to me on the pavement outside No. 10, beaten up, kicked, dragged around the ground by groups of policemen, not once, but on three separate occasions, was fined for assault, the magistrate observing 'that he obviously had a propensity for assaulting policemen'. 'But, Sir, can I show you my bruises?' – about to unbutton shirt in order to show his bruises. The police slid looks at each other, smiling at his innocence.

This high moment in a farcical scene was matched for me when the policeman who had thrown me several feet the night before came to lean against the wall of the court, eyeing me steadily while his fellows testified against our friends one after another, very slightly smiling – triumphant, ironic. Six young policemen sitting beneath me raised their eyebrows at each other when a colleague swore he had been incapacitated for three days as a result of a kick in the stomach. The young man who was fined for administering this kick was met by him in the corridor outside the court. The officer was all sincere compunction. 'That *was* a heavy fine, Sir, I do hope you can pay it.' He confessed he had a rupture. 'It always goes on these occasions, Sir.'

* * *

My favourite demonstration story: I was emerging from Bond Street Station to join a demonstration I was late for, and was still too late for, because its end was already vanishing towards Oxford Circus. A middle-aged woman beside me, seeing a handsome horse beside the pavement, went up to pat it, murmuring 'Nice gee-gee'. The policeman sitting on the horse took a swipe at her with his cape, she fell down, he rode off after the procession. She got up dazed, saying: 'That horse is vicious, it kicks, it should be kindly and quietly put to sleep'. My second favourite story: A demonstration in Parliament Square into which a posse of mounted police had galloped full tilt: afterwards some of the demonstrators, including a visiting Frenchman, discussing the affair. He said the right way to deal with mounted police charging a crowd was to throw marbles under their hooves. At which a Labour Party amazon, veteran of a hundred demonstrations, exclaimed indignantly: 'But that would be cruelty to animals, it wouldn't be fair'. Exit Frenchman muttering: 'I didn't know you were demonstrating for the rights of horses'.

* * *

At the Lobby against rocket bases last week I listened while a prominent Socialist M.P. answered the questions of a group of students. They were naive, ill-informed, but deeply and sincerely anxious. He handled it like a professional, choosing the most inarticulate youths to dart questions at, evading the more skilled questioners, catching them all out on points of detail.

He exposed their inexperience – and exposed himself. They were talking on two different levels; theirs was a moral feeling which at the moment is better expressed by people like Donald Soper than it is by the politicians. One of them said: 'He doesn't seem to understand what all this is about, does he?' The same idea was expressed by a friend who attended the VFS meeting last week. He sat through it trying to define something in the atmosphere he wasn't used to. At last he got it: 'These were people without real leaders, not quite realising it yet, learning they were on their own.' A girl said afterwards, 'If Nye came back tomorrow and started saying everything we wanted him to say, I wouldn't believe a word. We can't trust them. We've got to depend on principles and not on leaders'.

* * *

One of the advantages of being a writer is that one seems to be invisible. Last week I was sitting and thinking up good reasons for not doing any work, such as, that it was now time I darned socks and sewed on buttons, when the door opened and a woman I had never seen before came in, dropped her shopping bags on the floor, remarked 'I read a book of yours once', and sat down. She then proceeded to talk, her eyes fixed on some point slightly to the left of my head. She was about 45, had a husband, dependent mother and three school-going children, all in a cramped flat off the Fulham Road. She talked and talked. From time to time I made an encouraging remark, but she did not hear me. Her monologue developed from a half-humorous grumble about routine boredoms into a sighing complicated fantasy of how she'd leave her husband and 'the whole damn business', and go off and live in a tent in Arabia 'like Lawrence you know'. Towards midday she collected her shopping bags, said: 'Well I suppose I'd better get my old man's dinner, hadn't I', and wandered off again with: 'Goodbye, it was nice to have a real talk with someone'.

* * *

I am a compulsive eavesdropper. My best for the week: Scene, platform at Earl's Court Station. Two very young, very earnest, duffle-coated, shaggy students standing in a swirl of shaggy snowflakes.

He: I've worked it out. Let's face it – you're nothing but a tart.

She: That may be so on the deepest level.

He: But a very expensive tart, let's face it.

She (apologetically): Yes, I know I owe you for my lunch.

DORIS LESSING

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

There is nothing like an English girls' boarding school for giving a balanced democratic approach to life.—*Daily Telegraph.* (Mark Vinson.)

'There is no housing shortage in Lincoln today – just a rumour that is put about by people who have nowhere to live', stated Councillor Mrs G. L. Murfin, Mayor of Lincoln, at last night's annual dinner and dance of Lincoln and District Association of Building Trades' Employers.—*Lincolnshire Echo.* (S. F. Richards.)

We cannot hope to restore the stocks, but there is an excellent case for restoring the cane.—*Daily Telegraph.* (P. V. Youle.)

Nuclear Metaphysics

'Twas Sputning and the Uramines
Were kempt of nucles for the phys;
All dropsy were the Yankinsteins
As Summitime indriz.

'Beware the Bulgachev, my son,
The bite that jaws, the agitprops,
Beware the Vic-Soc bird, and shun
The urdent Bananstops.'

He took his Missawhile in hand,
Long time the Stratusquo he vexed,
So rested he up a Chewgum tree,
Perwildered and beplexed.

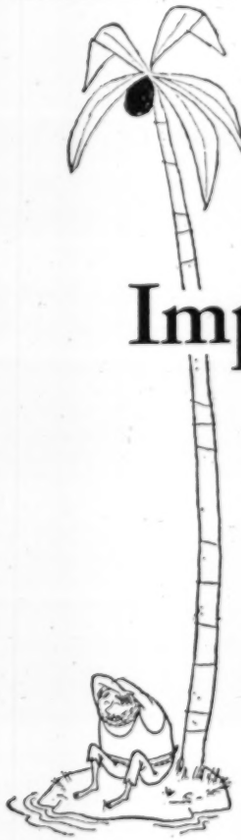
And, as he dullessed of defence,
Nigloring sheer the Summitryst,
Behold, the Bulgachev – immense
Through parannoying mist.

Now terrabound he stood, because
His Missawhile miscaped to Space;
Demonstrous then he saw it was
His own outbrageous face!

'And art thou but my Doppleguy?
Come to my arms, my brinksome friend!
Sloptiminous thought that You are I
And both are Round the Blend!'

'Twas Sputning and the Uramines
Were kempt of nucles for the Moon;
Bulmillan told the Yankrushsteins:
"Tis Summitime eftsoon.'

REGINALD REYNOLDS



Would it be possible? An island peopled by men and women dedicated to laughing the world free from the shackles of conventional thought, governed by humorists, exporting only baseless rumours, practical jokes, fake communiques, with no policy but to make the world a happier place. In last week's PUNCH the new Editor, Bernard Hollowood, put forward this concept . . . but had to concede that in a world dominated by singularly unlaughable long-range missiles with nuclear warheads, such an island could not hope to survive. What then can be done?

Impossible Island

One way or another PUNCH is determined to have its say; and since the cold war and the rocket menace are too serious for laughter it will, for once, say it seriously. In the next few weeks, PUNCH will print, under the general title "East is West," a series of reasoned and responsible articles by writers of widely differing faiths and professions. They will give their views freely, unfettered by political allegiance or editorial policy.

Punch

on sale today

Everyone who is tired of the *Don't worry-it-may-never-happen* philosophy will find this series of vital interest. There will be a big demand for these enlarged issues of PUNCH. Additional supplies are being printed, but you should make sure of your copies by ordering from your newsagent.

Today: J. B. Priestley "This Nuclear Madness". Other contributors will be Dr. J. Bronowski, Alan Bullock, Lord Chandos, Alistair Cooke, H. F. Ellis, Fr. Trevor Huddleston, Eric Linklater, Rebecca West, D. Zaslavski (of Krokodil).

Campaign for NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

PUBLIC MEETINGS

WEST RIDING

Tuesday, March 18th, 7.15 p.m.

Victoria Hall, Halifax

TREVOR HUDDLESTON, C.R.
J. B. PRIESTLEY

Wednesday, March 19th, 7.30 p.m.

Salem Institute, Leeds 10

CANON L. JOHN COLLINS
J. B. PRIESTLEY

KENSINGTON

Tuesday, March 25th, 8.0 p.m.

Kensington Town Hall

DR. D. G. ARNOTT JAMES CAMERON
CANON L. JOHN COLLINS
DORIS LESSING WAYLAND YOUNG

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'. . . the careful reader who knows his Victorians will get a lot of fun out of it.' DONALD MCLACHLIN. *The Daily Telegraph.*

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The Prisoner of Paris

EARLY on the morning of 30 July 1957 large forces of police surrounded the offices of *L'Humanité*, the Communist daily. They had received orders from the Prefecture to seize every copy of the paper they could lay their hands on; for, it appeared, its distribution would 'imperil public order and the security of the French state'. It was by no means the first time that such a thing had happened to *L'Humanité*, and nobody got unduly excited at the news. The left-wing papers published automatic protests (on an inside page) and the CP Central Committee issued its usual denunciation of the government. Nevertheless, the incident was significant: for the paper had not been seized because it published an editorial or a secret document, but simply because it gave notice of a legal complaint placed before the Director of Public Prosecutions by a certain M. Alleg, one-time managing editor of the suppressed *Alger-Republicain*. In his deposition, M. Alleg had alleged that officers of 10 Parachute Division had arbitrarily arrested him, had subjected him to torture and threatened him with death. There appeared, moreover, to be some substance in these charges, since General Allard, the Commanding General in Algiers, thought fit to order an inquiry. In countries in which the rule of law obtains, the government usually takes it upon itself to publish such news: for it is of the essence of justice that its transactions be conducted in public. But this, apparently, was not the view taken by M. Bourgès-Maunoury, then premier, who personally ordered the seizure of *L'Humanité*.

Four months passed, and M. Alleg's complaint was virtually forgotten. Nothing more was heard of the military inquiry, and Alleg remained in an Algiers prison, on a charge of 'attempting to reconstitute an illegal organisation'. Then, at the end of last November, a Paris lawyer brought back with him from Algiers, and subsequently submitted to several non-Communist periodicals, an extraordinary manuscript: an account, written by M. Alleg in prison, of the tortures to which he had been subjected. He listed them in detail, citing the names of the officers concerned and describing, in exact terms, the places where he had been 'questioned'. The verification of the manuscript did not take long: names, places and dates corresponded exactly with ascertainable facts. But how could such an explosive manuscript be published in a country where newspapers are seized for much less than this, and where any allusion to torture is a punishable offence, as tending to 'undermine the morale of the army'?

Both *L'Express* and *France-Observateur*, to whom the manuscript was first submitted, hesitated a long time before making up their minds. Both have shown considerable courage in denouncing the 'pacification' policy, and M. Lacoste has systematically prevented their distribution in Algeria, thus lowering their circulation by from 15,000 to 20,000 copies a week. But for either to be seized in France involves losses of quite a different magnitude. Since there is no 'preventive censorship', a paper which incurs the wrath of the government risks losing its entire press-run, which is simply impounded and placed in the Reuilly Barracks. Since both of these papers have circulations of over 100,000, the loss of a complete issue is over £4,000. Moreover, this loss can never be indemnified. Even if a paper institutes legal proceedings – which may spread out over years – the court can do nothing more than order the police to return the impounded copies. The satisfaction of winning such a case is thus purely platonic.

It is, therefore, an illustration of the current political climate in France that both these papers reluctantly decided against publishing the Alleg manuscript. Instead, both advised the lawyer to take it to a publisher: books, because of their smaller distribution, are less likely to invoke government sanctions. The first publisher approached was M. Julliard, a man well-known for his liberal views and head of the second largest publishing house in France. But he also, after weighing the matter carefully and consulting his lawyers, decided that the risk was too great. At one moment, indeed, it looked as if this unique document, in which for the first time a victim of torture describes, day by day, the sufferings inflicted on him, could never be brought to the attention of the French public. Fortunately, M. Lindon, the publisher of the Editions de Minuit – a series which became famous during the Resistance – took it upon himself to prove that there are still some vestiges of press freedom in France. Last month, *La Question* by Henri Alleg appeared in the French bookshops. Its success was astonishing. The first impression of 20,000 copies was sold out within a few days; and despite a second impression, demand still exceeds supply.

France-Observateur, noting that publication of the book had clearly not disturbed public order and that the government had taken no action, then decided to publish extracts in its issue of 1 March. A serious error of judgment: the police immediately seized the entire issue. Not only this: a Fascist deputy, ex-police inspector Dides, tabled a question in the Assembly asking M. Gaillard what steps he proposed to take against this weekly 'which treats our soldiers as torturers'. The young premier, whose shaky majority is visibly dwindling, promptly took alarm. What more – apart from permanently suppressing it – could he do to *France-Observateur*? And yet how, on the other hand, could he retain the confidence of Inspector Dides and his friends? Bourgès-Maunoury, Gaillard's Minister of the Interior, and an old hand in these matters, offered his advice, which the Premier gratefully followed: and last Thursday, all the 'defeatist' papers – *France-Observateur*, *L'Express*, *France-Nouvelle* and *Témoignage Chrétien* – were impounded, lock, stock and barrel. Two days later, Inspector Dides and Co. once more voted for M. Gaillard, who accordingly got his required majority.

Since the seizures of last week were motivated by the most sordid political considerations, it seems pointless to waste time on discussing the legal pretexts on which the government acted. Briefly, *France-Observateur's* crime was to publish an article by André Philippe arguing that a military victory in Algeria is impossible (M. Mollet has recently said exactly the same thing, without notably tarnishing his reputation for 'patriotism'), while *L'Express* was condemned for a commentary on Alleg's book by Jean-Paul Sartre. Sartre's article was neither political nor violent: indeed, it was markedly reflective in tone. It cited no facts which are not already widely known, and it was concerned more with torture as a universal phenomenon of the mid-20th century than as a characteristic feature of the 'pacification' policy in Algeria. Nevertheless, to the present French government, merely to think on these lines is now the essence of subversion. *L'Express* was seized and when, two days later, the Sartre article was brought out in pamphlet form, this also was seized and the police were even instructed to destroy the type from which it was printed. Indeed, this determined attempt

to silence perhaps the world's best-known philosopher has transformed *L'Affaire Alleg* into *L'Affaire Sartre*.

One is tempted to draw a parallel. Last November, Sartre published a long article on Tintoretto. It was not so much an analysis of his work as a description of his life – the story of how Venice's greatest painter was denied by his fellow-citizens simply because he painted them in their true colours. Tintoretto perceived that his home city was decadent, that its glory was a thing of the past; and he was hated for telling the truth. In order to express himself, and cover the walls of Venice with his paintings, he had to resort to every subterfuge at his command. He became 'The Prisoner of Venice' – and so gave Sartre the title for his article. But, in describing Tintoretto's life, was not Sartre thinking also of another prisoner – contemporary, this time – who could not express himself in his own country because he wished to tell the truth: truth that was known to his country's leaders but which they were unwilling to hear shouted from the rooftops? Has not Sartre himself now become the Prisoner of Paris?

Paris K. S. KAROL

Oxford Angst

'JUST like old times,' said the man standing next to me in the H-bomb meeting in Oxford Town Hall, '20 years ago I heard Jack Priestley make the very same speech, in this very hall – only then he was talking about Spain.' This seems to be a universal impression. At last, we are told, the post-war undergraduate has shed his well-known apathy, and girded up his loins according to the fashions of 20 years ago. Lord Hailsham warns us of the dangers of government by undergraduate referendum: he has lived, he tells us, through the days of the King and Country resolution, he has first-hand knowledge of the dangers of undergraduate irresponsibility. To the middle-aged Left, the same impression leads to a different conclusion: how splendid that the tough-minded cynics of present-day Oxford, beneath the veneer of linguistic philosophy and disdain for politics, should prove themselves the men their fathers were.

It may look like this from the platform: how does it feel on the floor? The audience at last week's Town Hall meeting was large and enthusiastic. Over 1,000 people attended, most of them undergraduates, and 200 were turned away. They listened intently to the speakers, they applauded generously – if perhaps a trifle dutifully, and they voted overwhelmingly for the resolution for nuclear disarmament. But they left disappointed. They had come for argument, to learn what they could do – and they were given emotional slogans.

The mood of Oxford today – despite Lord Hailsham – is very different from the mood in the Thirties. There are echoes, of course. The campaign for nuclear disarmament has swept into it many of the normally a-political, notably Christians and women, and some of its propaganda has a definitely anti-political tone. This is because most of its supporters feel the political parties have let them down, not because they hate politicians as such. The average apathetic undergraduate of the last five years has been cynical or indifferent about politics because he has suspected that politicians were cynical or indifferent about him, not because he liked being apathetic.

For even the normally a-political have not reacted with the emotionalism Lord Hailsham condemned. To most of the campaign's supporters, the issue is political, not moral. The response to the referendum circulated in the University last week has been strongest of all in Somerville, not normally a political hot-bed. But most of the written comments have been unemotional and argumentative, even if the arguments have often been naive. In any case, there is an obvious difference between the supporters of the campaign and its organisers, most of whom have always been politically interested and often active. The rank and file contains more pure pacifists, and more emotionalists. The leaders are almost frighteningly tough minded. Many of them may be Christians, the president may be a Roman Catholic (though he is also an editor of *Universities and Left Review*) – but most of them are also members of the Labour Party. They deplore emotionalism as much as Lord Hailsham does, though they deplore Lord Hailsham's as much as Victor Gollancz's.

The referendum sent out to all members of the University will probably show a majority in favour of British renunciation of the bomb, with or without negotiations. Whatever result it does show will be the result of an almost over-scrupulous determination not to misrepresent opinion – one Magdalen undergraduate commented 'the H-bomb issue is so simple – why is this questionnaire so difficult?' An elaborate psephological apparatus has been set up to assess the results, including punch cards and a pack of tame statisticians from Nuffield. About a third of the ballot papers returned contain written comments – characteristically, the Oxford undergraduate is determined that every minute refinement of his personal viewpoint shall go down to posterity with maximum accuracy. Most of these contain some doubts or reservations. The issue is a confusing criss-cross of risks, fears and possibilities. Though most undergraduates agree that, on this at least, Macmillan is black, they are certainly not sure who is white. Those who feel that on balance Britain should give up the H-bomb do so because they have been convinced by the intellectual arguments, not because they have been seized by an emotional spasm.

This is not to deny that the movement has emotional roots and may be expressed in normal terms. It would, after all, be dishonest to pretend that the H bomb could ever be discussed in the tone in which one might discuss the abandonment of a battleship or the building of a tank. It is probably significant that the movement has evoked most response from the women's colleges, normally citadels of political indifference. Perhaps the possibility of a two-headed baby frightens even those whose fear is expressed without hysteria, though most of the written comments from women's colleges suggest that sheer physical destruction is seen as a greater danger than the genetic effects of the bomb. However, few would agree with the comment of a young Fellow of All Souls that there is no moral difference between killing present generations and children as yet unborn. Possibly, as he suggested, 'it's a castration complex which is at the root of all this' – but for most people, castration remains an alarming prospect.

Is there, then, no H-bomb neurosis? What has happened to the Bishop of Carlisle's 'agitated young men'? Paradoxically, now as over Suez, most of the neurosis seems to appear among what NEW STATESMAN readers might reasonably think of as the 'baddies'. Oxford Toryism has been growing increasingly less reputable intellectually over the last four years. Back in the balmy days

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of the Churchill government, the Bullingdon bloody could wrap round his emotions with respectable slogans about the Opportunity State and trade union interference with individual liberties. Suez tore off the wraps, and left him naked on the street corner shouting 'shoot the wogs'. The H-bomb has driven him into a corner, mouthing sulkily 'Great' Britain, or taking refuge in wild, emotional denunciations of wildness and emotionalism.

This is perhaps a lunatic fringe. But there is also some emotionalism amongst the small band of left-wing opponents of this campaign, like the former chairman of the Labour Club who was reported in the *Sunday Times* as 'roundly condemning' the movement. Indeed, among some stalwart Labour men there is a strange mother-fixation on the Labour Party. Until they get their marching orders from Transport House, they resent anyone moving anywhere. To them, nuclear disarmament seems suspect because it is vaguely associated with Stephen Swingler; the Oxford referendum because an editor of *Universities and Left Review* is its president. They are a small group, the *Iskra*-ites of the Labour Club. Statistically, they are probably not worth mentioning at all. But their attitudes deserve comment: better than anything else, they exemplify the reasons for the failure of official Labour to appeal to the vaguely left majority in the university, and why the present campaign in Oxford is outside the ægis of the Labour Party. It is not because they have a rooted dislike of the Labour Party that many supporters of this campaign are suspicious of it – it is because they have not been convinced that it *cares*. Convince them of that, and they would far rather follow it than Mr Gollancz.

DAVID MARQUAND

Oxford

Rosie is the dancer and Raju the tourist guide turned lover turned impresario turned (in spite of himself) holy man, wander through R. K. Narayan's tragi-comical novel **The Guide.** His earlier Indian books have been compared to the stories of Chekov. 'But it would be wrong,' as Grahame Greene has said, 'to emphasise more deeply than Mr. Narayan himself the sad and poetic background: the humour of his books is enough to enchant.' **15s**

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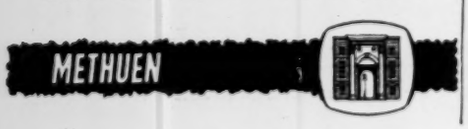

The Naturist

THE first time I had gone to stay at Sunglow Towers, I had no idea of the nature of the place. It seemed a rather normal, high-class boarding house. I had had an introduction to Mr Kennedy, and he seemed a rather pleasant type of business man, a fair specimen of the best Swiss Cottage inhabitant. I arrived with my battered suitcases and was shown my upstairs room, clean and airy with chintz curtains. 'Come downstairs to the lounge and join us later,' said Kennedy. After unpacking, I went downstairs to the lounge and opened the door. My eyes blinked from a strange cosmic light which spluttered in the room. There were about 14 people there, sitting in armchairs, and all of them were naked. They were all drinking tea, and one of them was reading *The Times* with his back to a sun-ray lamp. Another elderly lady with a stern face was knitting something which looked violently purple in the eerie light, and there was even a dog wearing ultra-violet spectacles.

'Make yourself at home,' said Kennedy, pointing to a chair. 'Thanks,' I said. 'There's no iron rule about visitors disrobing in the lounge,' he said, knocking out his pipe. 'But of course you may do so if you wish.' 'Thank you,' I said. After sitting there for some time looking at various nudist magazines, I began to feel very uncomfortable and strange, and went upstairs and took off my clothes and returned to the lounge. But by this time, the sun-ray lamp had been extinguished, the room lights were on, and a maid was preparing the table for dinner. Everybody was dressed in normal town clothes, and the man who had been reading *The Times* wore, for some reason, full evening dress with a white carnation in his button-hole. I could feel all the eyes in the room staring at me in amazement. 'Excellent,' said Kennedy. 'We can all see you've got the right spirit, but actually the sun-session, as we call it, has ended.' 'I see,' I said. 'I'm frightfully sorry.' 'That's all right,' said Kennedy, 'I'm sure nobody minds if you stay like that, if you wish to'. 'Actually, I'd rather not,' I said. After all, it was mid-winter, and I had started to shiver with cold. I ran upstairs and changed back into my clothes and returned to the lounge.

I was introduced to the other nudists. They all seemed quite conventional and were discussing the theatre, the ballet, the Motor Show and the Ideal Home Exhibition. All classes and professions were represented. There was the air force, the civil service, there was a buyer in an Oxford Street store, and even an ageing don. There was also a sprinkling of elderly people from the Midlands. One of them, a Mrs Saslow, seemed very friendly. 'London to us,' she said comfortably, 'means clean air and freedom from clothing. Clothes mean psychological restriction which leads to frustration and war.' 'When you have no clothes on,' said her husband, 'the newspapers seem ridiculous.' 'They always seem ridiculous,' I said. 'More so, naked,' said the husband. Then there was a thin unhappy man called Cyril Read. 'He is an atomic scientist,' said Kennedy, 'and he suffers from guilt, isn't that so, Cyril'? 'I am afraid so,' said Cyril. 'Ghastly and undeniable guilt.' He gave a hollow laugh. 'I am trying to shed it, I suppose. But it is difficult in the winter.' 'Can't you give up atomic science?' I asked him. 'Give it up!' shouted Kennedy laughing, and giving him a hearty slap on the back. 'Never. He is all brain, that so, Cyril?' 'I am afraid so,' said Cyril, dismally.

Very soon I became part of the establishment and joined quite naturally in the sun-lamp sessions, although I caught influenza twice. 'Rome wasn't built in a day,' cried Kennedy. 'We'll have you like a true pagan yet.' 'But there's nothing pagan about this place,' I said. 'Not yet,' said Kennedy. 'Not yet. We're all just in training. Getting rid of taboos and so on.' He explained certain aspects of the Sunglow club. Nudist clubs ('actually we prefer the word "naturist" ') were in violent competition. There were at best four different types of naturism, and the movement was split. At the top were the Sunglowers, complete moderates and nearly all Conservatives who held nothing against fox-hunting, the royal family or the Sylvester school of ballroom dancing. Next were the Solarists, who had a club in Peckham and who were mainly left-wing and believed in infra-red and vegetarianism. The third group were called Aerials and did country dances in the nude, all the year round, in fenced-in clubs in the Cotswolds and hardly ever mixed in any sort of society at all. But they went to concerts. The fourth group were more or less entirely anarchist, and the men wore beards as a sign of fertility. They were called the Savages and lived all the year round in the nude, chopping wood in the snow and plunging into ice-cold ponds. 'Very healthy and very immoral,' said Kennedy. 'After all, you must take civilisation into account. Technical progress, the march of democracy, the arts and so on. They are mainly escapists, you see, who can't see the wood for the trees. Nudism is the servant of man, not the master. A lot of them even dabble in witchcraft.'

It also transpired that quite a number of business men, bachelors who came from the Midlands, visited the Sunglow club in the hope of orgies. 'It is pitiful but rather amusing to see them,' said Kennedy. 'They hurry down into the lounge as if they were in the Place Pigalle. Of course nothing ever happens. Games of chess, lantern-slide lectures on Palestine, or the television. I am tactful with them, and gradually they drift down through the other groups until they reach the Savages. Most of them die of exposure, as a matter of fact.'

Nearby, in Swiss Cottage, there was an indoor sun-club called the Timbuctoo. It was a huge building, vaguely perfumed with scented distinfectant, and crammed with terribly earnest statues, ormolu clocks, paintings of glens, and small tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl. It was all exquisitely Edwardian, and from early afternoon till midnight it was filled with the naked bodies of clerks and civil servants playing ping-pong, billiards, darts, drinking tea in the violet tea-room, or dancing in the candelabra'd ballroom. There was also a television room, and the television set was garlanded with paper tulips set in gilt holders. The sun room was equipped with giant ultra-violet lamps, and there one lay on mattresses, protected by goggles, absorbing the chemical vitamins. On the walls were pictures of palm trees, a tropical sea, boats with red sails, and naked natives jumping into canoes.

All groups came to this club, Sunglowers, Solarists, Aerials and Savages. You could hear people talking about Bertrand Russell or Gilbert Harding. One night I was lying there, thinking 'why not really go to Timbuctoo' when the club was raided by police. Unluckily Kennedy was not with me. A policeman charged into the ultra-violet room and grasped me by the arm. 'That's one of them,' he cried, taking out a pair of handcuffs. 'One of what?' I asked. 'One of the Savage

lads,' he said, 'you know as well as I do. We've seen you in Herefordshire, in that sandpit.' 'I've never been in Herefordshire in a sandpit,' I said. 'Less of the fancy Oxford talk,' he said, pulling me to my feet.

Five or six of us were put in a van and arrived at the police station. I was shivering with cold and felt terribly ill. The station medical officer examined me, and shook his head. 'Send him to the clinic,' he said. I was driven off again and arrived at the clinic. 'Upstairs,' said a man in a white coat. I went upstairs and entered a room with a flickering half-blinding light. 'Put on those spectacles,' said the medico, 'and take off your clothes and sit down in that chair,' 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Vitamin D deficiency. This is artificial sunlight,' said the medico.

In the summer Kennedy took me out to the clubs. They differed in social rank. The top club was the Cypresses, set in very beautiful country, and housed in a country mansion. It was necessary, for instance, to enter the dining room in a towel, and many of the women wore pearl necklaces. The girls were pretty, and some of them were French. There was one particularly lovely brown girl who sat in a wood talking about sheep, goats, bluebells and mountain air. I joined enthusiastically in this conversation and we wandered about the hills like children. I met her the next day in Swiss Cottage and took her back to the Sunglow. 'What lovely curtains,' she said, when she saw my room. 'They remind me of Loch Lomond.' 'I only saw it in a mist,' I said. 'Oh,' she said. Later she started crying. 'You are too full of French civilisation,' she said. I opened the windows and stared out. It was raining, and a little boy was crying with a burst balloon.

ANTHONY CARSON

The Arts and Entertainment

Closing Down!

NOT the words but their meaning, has been written for months across the facade: a circuit-house in a far London suburb, mid-garage period. The nearest cinema now will be a couple of miles off. At first, with summer drawn out into autumn, it had been a surprise to find empty seats over a week-end; then one could walk in any time, sit anywhere; in the end – though that isn't quite yet – it wasn't an audience but a scattering of individuals, slumped or alert to their new status.

And elsewhere a cinema is going back to live shows, or typists type where they once dreamed; one of the grand palaces thinks of bisecting itself horizontally, letting off the lower part as a dance hall; in others the transformation is being worked into garage or chain-store, or boarded doors wait the demolition gang.

During the past twenty months, we are told, 352 cinemas have closed down and the estimate for the coming year is 1,000.

A good – or bad – round figure; made, let me add, by the *Daily Cinema* (which serves the exhibitors' interest) and intended to catch the eye of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with whom a fierce campaign is being waged for the abolition of the entertainment tax. It is unlikely, therefore, to be an underestimate. Also the new cinemas springing up in a chill world aren't mentioned: I know of some. But when all this is taken into account, the figure remains shocking. The alarm of the *Daily Cinema* is understandable; and its open letter to the Chancellor, stuffed with figures, is followed by one to the Archbishop of Canterbury, citing texts. A 'cruelly unjust and iniquitous tax' must come off! Will it? Not unless this tax is very unlike others; and if it did, how many cinemas would be saved and for how long? And is it desirable, from a more general point of view, that they should be saved? No immediate benefit, it seems, would accrue to you or me; we should go on paying the same prices – or not paying. Nor would the reprieve help to ensure better films being shown.

For how could a small tax lifted possibly deflect what is obviously a shift in social habit? People are going less into cinemas. Habits do change. A borrower from a public library would once have bought books; smokers go through scare periods from which they emerge shivering and smoking a little more; beer is preferred aerated at home to draught in the pub; hikers no longer scorn lifts; and of course the TV screen has crept into a corner by the fireplace. Home sweet home on the instalment plan eats at the cinema habit from one side, and espresso and rock-'n'-roll from the other. But when trade papers fling up their hands, they are thinking of TV, whatever they may say. Hollywood got the scare first, and its answer of wider and worse films has already brought expensive disaster; in the new alignment, there is much tightening of belts and sharpening of talents. Very curious at the moment, and exciting, is this war of two organisms, two ages, with the dinosaur having its last fling (queues for *The Ten Commandments*!), the dynamiter wriggling a way in (*End as a Man, Marty*). The chances may still seem to be with the antediluvian; but watch the new men, the hard ideas. 'To hell,' say the old, 'with art, intelligence, social responsibility – lull the response'; 'quicken it', say the new. And there is the evidence of our cinemas with their million or so melted away. The fact is that the days of the picture palace – as of the earlier gin-palace – are almost over. Goodbye, Filmlandia!

How absurdly inflated it had been, the whole thing, the twice-weekly visits to the double-bill, with Thursday's bombshells succeeded by others yet more atomic on Monday . . . the queueing in the rain for the sake of a long car and a stuck-up bust to dream of . . . it's warmer inside, kicking the shins as you stumble in, and then the cuddle under star guidance . . . entry of the ice-cream visits to all parts of the house for your delight . . . and the Paris postcard close-ups, the glossy advertisement photography, the synthetic sex and the symphonic war stuff . . . a cartoon no one will laugh at . . . news of Royalty, football, Zoo babies . . . faces getting larger and emptier, CinemaScope people lying down, because the screen's that way . . . a bad old habit breaking up, the crash Coming Shortly. . . . Is it really all on the way out? Hard to believe even now.

And when the shrinkage stops, when TV has siphoned off all it can and has its own problem of inflated appeal, what will remain? Smaller cinemas with sharper tastes? One would like to be more certain. The alternative, in Britain, could be frightening: monopoly by one or two producer-distributor-circuit-owners who could exercise a near-ban on all independent idea and action. (In America this is not possible.) Government control might mitigate this, adding its own dead hand of departmentalism; even subsidies, well meant, bolster up things as they are, and predestine the English film, not so good but not bad either. The blight over our film-making since the war is examined in the final section of *Rotha on the Film* (Faber, 30s.), a book of collected criticisms, and a dismal record it is of hopes starting and faded, slump, rescue, semi-recovery, over and over again. We stifle promise, banish the young to America, rule out energy and experiment, and creep back to the thin patriotism of war films or a mild self-deprecatory fun. The root evil, says Rotha, is that what films shall be made and how they shall be made is decided not by film-makers but by executives. Rotha hammers his points: he's a good hammerer, in films when he's allowed to make them, in print when he is not. His final word is that TV will affect film-making everywhere, including here – *for the better.*

But is that – so far as we are concerned – just another hope? The war pulled us together, TV might do the same, though some of Rotha's earlier statements, especially those concerning the vicious circle, may make us wonder whether, in hard times, it won't be again the old system surviving.

Meanwhile we attend the spectacle of the falling cinemas, trying to gauge of each one whether it was more of a dope-provider or a discriminator, cheering this ruin, lamenting that, slipping in to see again *Un Condamné à Mort s'est Echappé, Letter to an Unknown Woman, Paths of Glory.* And at my local in Gloucestershire, where there's a bicycle park and the stills seem to have come through a monsoon, the battle rages – with a dozen chapel-goers ranked opposite – for Sunday opening.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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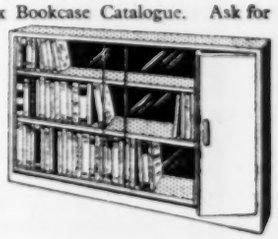

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Sold Out

MR FRANK HAUSER, the lively minded director of the Oxford Playhouse – which he took over some two years ago – has achieved something which, if not unique in the annals of Repertory, must be very rare indeed. The notice Sold Out was stuck across the advance booking office within two days of opening, and indeed the bulk of the seats for the whole three weeks' run were sold before the first night. What was the attraction which produced a result so startling in these days when the theatre is said to have its back to the wall? Was it some immensely popular West End success (such as is reputedly the safe staple diet of the provincial repertory companies)? Was it some banned play slipped past the Lord Chamberlain? Or was it a play bedecked with 'stars'?

No, it was none of these; it was a play written seven years ago by Mr Peter Ustinov, a play which one may presume was on offer to the London managers during all that time and which they, presumably again, didn't think would draw.

One sees how they might argue, of course. *Paris not so Gay* is a gentle debunking of romantic attitudes centred round the Trojan War legend. Half the fun, then, comes from a knowledge, even a scanty little scrap of knowledge, of how the various characters of the *Iliad* are originally presented. Everyone knows that Helen is the type of ideal beauty and will see the joke when she is presented as a supreme bore. But will the coachloads from Luton know who Nestor was, or appreciate this amusing cod on Odysseus? (Yet, after all, Mr Levy's *Rape of the Belt*, which also presupposes a scattering of classical lore, is playing to packed houses.) Oxford, it might be argued, is a special case. Iconoclasm has through the centuries appealed to her sons (and now doubtless to her daughters too); and there, as well, one can count on a minimum of education.

But the fact is that the theatre was booked out before the nature of the play could be known. And the conclusion is that at last Mr Peter Ustinov has achieved the position, rare for dramatists in England, where his name on a play is itself a considerable draw. Evidently a very large number of playgoers do go to the theatre when they are promised the pleasures of watching a witty and paradoxical mind playing over the issues that are uppermost in their minds today. *Paris not so Gay* is good vintage Ustinov with a very lively first act and a rather dim second, redeemed by a very amusing third. Inventively produced and resourcefully acted, it is going on from Oxford to delight Cambridge and then Liverpool. Lucky provinces!

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Anton Webern

WEBERN, who died in 1945, shot in mistake by a trigger-happy American soldier, is generally accounted the 'purest' and the most difficult to understand of the triumvirate who make up the so-called Second Viennese School. As a schoolboy I dutifully learnt that Schoenberg was the theorist, the 'inventor' of 12-note technique; Berg, a much better composer, managed to write good music within the absurd system by settling for note-rows which suggested harmony (generally D minor); Webern concocted mathematical abstractions which made acrostic sense when we diligently pencilled 1, 2, 3, 4 and so on into the scores, but no sort of acoustic sense – rather a broken sequence of disconnected notes – in performance. This is still perhaps the plain man's view of twelve-tone. And even musical friends of mine left the recent Covent Garden Ensemble concert at which Webern's Concerto was played, amusing themselves by improvising mock-Webern; a squeak, a low groan, a note or two in the middle – it seemed to be just as meaningful to them. They find support in an important article in the latest issue of *The Score*, where Peter Stadlen tells how the composer, after a performance of his Symphony which did not please him, remarked bitterly: 'A high note, a low note, a note in the middle – like the music of a madman!'

But Webern need not sound like this. When I first heard his chamber music it suggested a visual parallel: it was as if one were standing in a dark room in which beautiful objects, one by one, were illuminated. Small, exquisite objects, and never more than one, or occasionally a tiny cluster, visible at a time. Still, note the sense of disconnection. But gradually, as the points of light succeeded one another, the shape of the room was apprehended. One was not lost in the dark, and one realised that the position of the objects had been most carefully chosen. I still seldom get more than this very general sense of order from a Webern work; but it proves enough for personal enjoyment and satisfaction. Perhaps it is all the composer expected. Mr Stadlen in his article tells us that Webern, who coached him for the first performance of his Piano Variations, never once mentioned the 12-note aspect of the composition.

> He seemed to imply . . . that knowledge of serial implications was not required for a full appreciation of the music.

Much has been written on the audibility of 12-note technique. I own that I cannot hear a note-row, not so as to recognise it note by note when it recurs (I am not speaking of any distinctive motifs which it may contain); and I simply do not see how any normal person can when it is reversed, or inverted, or both, and/or piled into chords (though again motifs may still be recognisable). But it is really not hard to perceive, to *hear*, order in Webern's Concerto. The first movement is built of 3-note motifs consisting for the most part of a major ninth enclosing a major third – from E flat up to G, then down to F sharp, for example. Now a ninth (just off the consonant octave) and a third are two of the easiest intervals to recognise – so this motif can still be heard when it is piled into chords. The inversions of these intervals, a major seventh and a minor sixth (again one just off the pure octave, the other a 'satisfying' consonance), are easily heard. The slow movement now reveals itself as a contrast between the 'tense' intervals and the 'satisfying' ones, a sequence of two-part chords. The finale returns to the 3-note deployment of the motif. This leaves a good deal unexplained – but it may help those who listen to the broadcast of the Concerto on 20 March to find a design in the work.

We must not leave out the element of sound – tone-colour. My visual parallel was not just of lights coming on, but of beautiful objects being revealed. Webern handles sounds as if they were precious objects; his scoring is exquisite. Walter Goehr, who conducted a Webern concert for the BBC Third Programme last Friday, remarked in a short talk that the chief problem for his executants was to integrate their parts into one unity of sound. He spoke of Webern's admiration for Puccini's subtle scoring, and for Mahler's 'quasi-muted orchestral tutti'. One great merit of Mr Goehr's performances was their beauty of tone. The tiny lyrics of Op.10 – the pastoral miniature of No. 3, the gently breathed sigh from the oboe towards the end of No. 5 – sounded ravishing. Friday's concert was the first of four programmes (the others on 15, 20 and 27 March) in the course of which all Webern's orchestral works and most of his vocal and instrumental ones are to be played. Meanwhile Universal Edition, Webern's publishers, and the Philips gramophone company are preparing to make available over here, in Dutch pressings, the four American Columbia discs on which, under the direction of Robert Craft, the complete Webern œuvre has been recorded. Thirty-one opus numbers, less than four hours of music – we shall be able to discover with ears as well as eyes why so few notes should have been so influential.

ANDREW PORTER

Free-for-not-quite-all

AS I have repeatedly observed, sound-radio can still do some things which television cannot do so well, or at all. One radio feature which is not yet practicable on TV is the BBC's monthly international discussion-programme, *Radio Link*.

This programme, which has been running for more than two years, takes one of two forms: either it is a press-conference in which an eminent person is questioned by journalists in several countries, or it is a straight discussion between those taking part. Among those questioned in the press-conferences have been Mr Selwyn Lloyd, Senator Knowland, Mrs Golda Meir (the Israeli Foreign Minister, whose five interrogators included an Arab spokesman, Mr Edward Attiyah), and Mr Aneurin Bevan. Mr Bevan's participation secured for *Radio Link* what was, I am told, 'the

second highest audience-appreciation index of any Home Service discussion since the war': this claim means, in non-jargon English, that the 750,000 people in Britain who listened to this edition of *Radio Link* liked it very much indeed.

Last week, at the BBC's invitation, I watched from the control-room while this month's edition of *Radio Link* – on Western defence and disarmament – was broadcast. This must be an extraordinarily difficult programme to chair: as Mr Robert Mackenzie – who did the job this time, with his usual alertness and aplomb – has himself explained, the chairman must be able to identify at once the voices of the speakers in the four foreign countries; he must also get used quickly to their speech-rhythms and methods of thought, so that he can distinguish between a pause for breath and the end of an oral 'paragraph'. Since the discussions are completely unscripted, a lot depends on the sensitiveness of the chairman's intuition; but the occasional clashes, when two or three people try to talk at once, help to keep the programme alive and spontaneous.

So that spontaneity shall not degenerate into chaos, the programme is preceded by a half-hour closed-circuit 'warm-up', in which those taking part get to know each others' names and voices. Informal as this naturally is, to be present while it happens is to share in the excitement which Mr Mackenzie still finds in this 'experiment in honest communication'. Gesturing with right hand fully extended as though he were visible to them, he briefs the participants on the tone of the discussion: 'We don't want excessive affability. . . If you feel, any of you, that this is sloppy sentimentalism, say so. It'll make a better programme . . . Perhaps I might quickly go through two or three points about the methodology?' They discuss whether 'missile' should be pronounced *missile*, as in English, or *missil*, as in American. (In the event, both were used indiscriminately.) With ten minutes to go before they are on the air, a technical flaw is reported from New York: 'Lilian, whose feed-back is it? A New York feed-back?' 'Our engineers insist that it's coming from London.' 'It's leaving us all right, it's somewhere on the line.' With only three minutes to go, the fault is located: 'We've now tracked the trouble down. You're getting it from Hilversum – it just shows what goes on in this programme. Is it cleared up now? . . . *Still* some? You may be hearing it through the bone in your head!' 'There's plenty of that.'

Those taking part with Mackenzie in last week's discussion were journalists in Denmark, Western Germany, Holland, and Washington; and, in the London studio, the *Manchester Guardian*'s diplomatic correspondent, Mr Richard Scott. As I listened to it, good as it was, I felt increasingly uneasy about the discussion: the *Gleichschaltung* sounded too complete, the assumption of bi-partisanism in every Western country too glib; and uneasiness turned to anger when the Dutchman, Aart Van Leeuwen, spoke scornfully of 'missile madness' – meaning not the setting-up of American missile bases in Western Europe but British public reactions against this project! Mr Scott, again, stated the Labour Party's position on this point correctly, yet in a tone and with a shade of emphasis that seemed to me to minimise differences between the British parties; of a public-opinion poll in which 55 per cent had voted against missile bases here, and only 34 per cent for them, he said that the majority might have voted thus 'because they regarded them, *however wrongly*, as being American bases and . . . had a good deal less confidence that the US Government would be careful in involving this country in . . . nuclear retaliation.' (My italics: however complete British control of these bases – and the warheads? – may turn out to be, they *are* bases for the discharge of American, not even Nato, missiles, and their main purpose is American 'defence' until the American ICBM can be perfected. The New York participant, Robert Hotz, made this quite clear, referring to 'our' missile bases in Western Europe and reporting a talk with 'two colonels who are going to command the first units that will be deployed in England by the end of this year . . . they are already training their crews' – disquieting for those who had believed Government assurances about British control.)

Again, Mackenzie himself, introducing another subject – 'the whole strategy of the use of the massive deterrent, of massive retaliation' – said: 'Some years ago this doctrine was popularised, if that's the right word, by Mr Dulles and has now been fully and completely accepted, I think, in this country, as the very basis of strategy; it's been accepted to the point where the White Paper on Defence recently made it clear that the West would be willing to use the H-bomb first, in reply to a large-scale conventional attack by the Russians'.

'Fully and completely accepted'! Quite apart from unofficial campaigns, protests, petitions, and editorials, listeners would never have guessed from this sweeping assertion, or the discussion that followed it, that this precise point had been a main theme of the Opposition's attack on the White Paper in the recent debate, and that the debate had ended in a division. Robert Hotz, of course, took it for granted that acceptance of suicide would be the British policy – but did say that there was a demand to end tests from some scientists and religious groups in America, and did point out the danger of accidental war: 'There are now about eight locations where these things are being fired from [and] . . a dozen very shortly; and, as you know, these missiles can go awry. We had one that was fired from Florida and landed in the jungles of Brazil; fortunately, it had no warhead aboard, but sooner or later we're going to have to be testing them with four warheads.' Apart from this, and some reservations by the Norwegian, and an exposition by Richard Scott of the *Guardian* suggestion that if Britain gave up the H-bomb, other powers might refrain from joining the nuclear club, there was little to qualify the general impression that I have described.

The BBC has a well-known policy of political impartiality. Sometimes this has led to an attitude that might be called 'neutral against' the Left. Yet its faithful recording overseas of British opposition to the Anglo-French aggression in 1956 earned it world-wide respect. Why should *Radio Link* listeners be protected from dangerous thoughts more carefully than others.

All the same, it provides, on the whole, a virile and serious exchange of views. Its next edition will be broadcast on 27 March.

TOM DRIBERG

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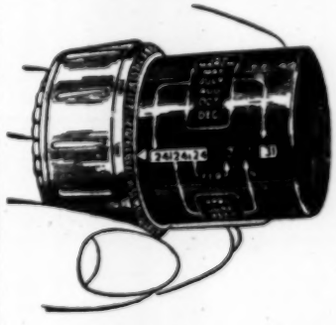

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Correspondence

VICTORY FOR SOCIALISM

SIR,—In your issue of 12 October 1957 you published a brilliant analysis of the effects of the Brighton Conference of the Labour Party. It was called 'The End of Bevanism', and in it you argued that the Left in the party, because it relied too much on one man, hadn't done its corporate homework. You said: '. . . there has been no policy-making effort on the left equal in effectiveness to that of Mr Gaitskell's supporters and assistants.'

But, you went on, it's not too late. You added: '. . . the issues raised at Brighton are far from settled. There remains a great opportunity for Socialists to put their case again—if they can demonstrate, and demonstrate in the right places, that they have a Socialist policy which is more relevant to our economic problems and more effective in solving them.'

Now that is exactly what Victory For Socialism has set out to do; and yet, in your last week's leader, you give us only the most grudging and condescending support. Your criticism, it appears, follows that of some other people: it is that the *timing* of our effort is wrong. We shouldn't have done it, you said, 'in the dying months of this discredited Tory government.'

So will you please tell me what timing, in your judgment, would be acceptable? If we did it in the *early* days of a Tory government, we should be attacked for pouring salt on the wound of a recent Labour electoral defeat. If we did it when there was a Labour government we should again hear the parrot-cry of a stab in the back. So *when*? Would it have been right five months ago, when you urged us to do it? If so, why is it wrong now?

Or can it be—perish the thought!—that the NEW STATESMAN has changed its line between October and March?

JO RICHARDSON

34 Haslemere Road, N8

[The NEW STATESMAN has not changed its line. There is room and need for a real rethinking of Labour policy in terms of Socialist principle. Our criticism of VFS was clear and should not have been misunderstood. It was that some of its earlier pronouncements could have been (and apparently were) misinterpreted as being contrary to the Labour Party constitution. This gave some comfort to the enemies of the party at a time which is electorally important. It also gave a weapon to the enemies of Socialism inside the party, which was a pity—especially since it now seems clear that the aims of VFS are constitutional as well as laudable.—ED., *NS*.]

A POLICY FOR THE BOMB

SIR,—The present concern of the public mind with the problem of the hydrogen-bomb has clouded the real issue on which war and peace depend—this is the creation of a working system of collective security in the world. It is disappointing and a little puzzling that no statesman in the world seems to have grasped the great opportunity offered by Mr Lester Pearson's brilliant intiative in bringing about the creation of the United Nations Emergency Force. This Force, in itself ludicrous and ineffective, is the only hopeful starting point for breaking the closed circle of suspicion, arms, more suspicion, more arms which has no end but war.

I believe that the following plan would offer a way forward out of the present impasse:

(a) We accept that the United States and the Soviet Union have no intention of giving up their nuclear weapons, but we should ask them, as part of the present scheme, to suspend testing these weapons for at least three years.

(b) Britain would destroy all her stocks of nuclear weapons and cease manufacturing any more, and at the same time place a substantial part (at least one-third) of her conventional forces at the disposal of the United Nations as part of an international force; the other Nato and Warsaw Treaty countries (*except* the United States and Russia) and the Afro-Asian countries would be invited to do the same. An agreed number of existing naval, military and air bases in Europe, the Middle East and South East Asia would be placed at the disposal of the greatly enlarged UN Force, which should if possible be built up to about a million strong. Forces contributed to it would be *deducted* from the normal military establishment of the nations participating.

(c) A Military Security Board, acting as a specialised agency of the UN would control the Force and be empowered to send it or part of it to any country which made a formal request for protection. The actions of this Board should be subject to confirmation by a two-thirds majority of the General Assembly.

(d) The Rapacki plan for disengagement in Europe should be vigorously pursued and the UN Force patrolling Israel's frontier should be considerably strengthened without delay.

(e) As soon as a powerful UN Force with bases and logistic support had been put on a working footing, Nato, the Warsaw Treaty, Seato and the Baghdad Pact should be formally dissolved, but not before.

The essence of this proposal is that Russia and the United States would rely on their own military strength, including the possession of such weapons as they chose to develop, for protection against each other—no third power can in the immediate future be of any danger to them. The rest of the world would contract out of the nuclear arms race, but instead of relapsing into a resigned neutralism (which only encourages militarist states such as Israel to chance their arm) would energetically build up a working system of collective defence under the United Nations.

F. O. HOOLEY

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Totley, Sheffield

FALLACY OF THE DETERRENT

SIR,—I notice that Paul Johnson, at the beginning of his article, aptly says that 'Arnold Toynbee is not alone in bending history to fit his theories', and proceeds to do some bending of his own. May I quote?

> There is no evidence whatsoever that Hitler was, at any stage of his career, deterred by the military strength of his enemies. In 1941, Britain was weak, isolated and ripe for annihilation, etc.

This seems to me a strange interpretation of the facts. Hitler made preparations for the invasion of England in the Autumn of 1941—operation 'Sea Lion'. He called it off because his air force lost the Battle of Britain and because his General Staff would not countenance a sea-borne invasion against overwhelmingly superior naval forces without command of the air. What saved Britain at that time were two deterrents, (1) the creation of an efficient fighter command of Hurricanes and Spitfires just in time and, (2) the continuous maintenance of a British Navy powerful enough, however extended, to prevent a large-scale invasion by land forces.

One hesitates to ascribe motives to Hitler, but it is at least a reasonable theory to assume that he, having an enormous, efficient and recently successful military machine at his disposal, was compelled to continue to employ it by the same instincts which had so far brought him power and success. Once the Battle of Britain had been fought and lost (by Germany) in the air, to attack Russia offered prospects of success, while to drown his armies in the English Channel would have been suicidal.

C. H. LAW

Maclay Hall
17 Park Terrace
Glasgow

[Paul Johnson writes: I specifically admitted that the construction of a deterrent may help to win wars; and British rearmament in the late Thirties is a case in point. But the thesis I was attempting to refute is that a deterrent can *prevent* war—quite a different matter.—ED., *NS*.]

THE MODERN CHURCH

SIR,—Mr Rhymes's letter goads me into trying to express some personal reactions to recent pronouncements by our Christian leaders. Pronouncements which, if they rightly represent the spirit of the Church, suggest that it cannot hope to take much part in the revival of religious feeling.

The letter itself reveals one aspect of what is amiss. Thus to award points in a competition in *caritas* between Christians and humanists is neither seemly nor wise. How unseemly, for instance, to speak of 'wishy-washy humanists' giving way before Hitler, when so very many suffered exile and death for their convictions. How unwise to claim a Christian predominance in every field. To choose one of those mentioned, the opposition to nuclear warfare, it will be remembered how only a few weeks ago and in these columns Father Huddleston said how sad it made him to see the leadership going to humanists. For our survival's sake if for nothing higher, surely we know good to be one and indivisible, just as we must force ourselves to accept the fact that responsibility for evil actions, too, must be shared among all mankind.

But this kind of narrowness is not what I have most in mind. I am thinking more of narrowness of a wholly dogmatic kind. *Homosexuality is Sin. A.I.D. is Sin. Divorcees Forbidden Church Marriage.* These newspaper headings, culled from the sayings of our archbishops with only slight over-simplification, strike with a cold hand at the spirit. At first when I found I winced from them, I thought it was because they are so archaic, so pharasiacal. Then it occurred to me that perhaps it was rather because today such general statements can be seen to belong properly to science with its necessary omission of values and individuality. In speaking this language it seems to me that the Church is pitching its tents in the camp of its enemies.

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Cannot homosexuality be evil when it is a matter of selfish greed, and good when it is inspired by love? Is it a sin if two people wish to rear another human being with the same love they would give to a child whose genes came from both instead of only from one of them? Cannot even divorce be recognised as the lesser evil and forgiven, if it makes love possible where none was before?

In clinging to rigid dogma, the church is betraying its own greatest duty, the protection of value and of the individual from the statistical waste land of scientific materialism. Smith=X: Sin=A.I.D. If the modern church is to meet the modern religious need, it must so remake itself as to be able to speak in living symbols and not in life-destroying formulae.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

Brook
Isle of Wight

THE CIRCUMLOCUTION OFFICE

SIR,—Mrs Whitehouse and 'Former Patient' raise an important issue when they refer to the extreme difficulty of getting a re-examination of a certification which has been made under the Lunacy and Mental Treatment Acts or under the Mental Deficiency Acts; as Mrs Whitehouse emphasises, there are very real practical difficulties which may be suffered later in life by a person who has been certified. However, it is not correct to say that solicitors are invariably unwilling to pursue cases of alleged wrongful certification. Two, to my knowledge, have been taken as far as the Court of Appeal by solicitors within the last 12 months, and both on legal aid certificates. Moreover, I should have thought that the National Council for Civil Liberties had done enough to show that it is much concerned at wrongful certification.

The real difficulty in pursuing an issue of alleged wrongful certification lies in the law itself. In most cases the discharged patient will have as his only remedy a civil action against those responsible for the certification. Before, however, he is permitted to issue a writ to initiate such proceedings, he must first satisfy the requirement of Section 330 of the Lunacy Act, 1890; moreover, he must do this not in the original form, as quoted by Mrs Whitehouse, but in the amended form provided by Section 16 of the Mental Treatment Act, 1930, with its much more stringent requirements. These prohibit the commencement of any action without the leave of the High Court, which shall not be given unless the court is satisfied that there is *substantial ground* for the contention that the proposed defendant has acted *in bad faith or without reasonable care*. Moreover, this will have to be demonstrated on what is only a partial disclosure of documents.

Whilst doctors and officials probably need, in this field, some protection against irresponsible actions at law, it is to be hoped that in the forthcoming legislation this will be accomplished with greater regard for the civil rights of the patient.

FRANK HASKELL

The National Council for Civil Liberties
161 Edgware Road, W2

THE *WORKER* AND THE *HERALD*

SIR,—Francis Williams writes that the *Daily Herald*'s stand on the H-bomb earned it 'a hearty pat on the back from the *Daily Worker*'. But this is what the *Daily Worker* wrote: 'To argue for unilateral banning by Britain while in practice accepting the alliance with the United States and its H-bombs, as the *Herald* does, is to lay oneself open to the charge of hypocrisy' (28 February). Scarcely a 'hearty pat on the back'. In fact, of course, the *Daily Worker* and the leaders of the Communist Party oppose the unilateral renunciation of the H-bomb by Britain, which they regard as 'likely to divert attention from the main job'. On this issue they are well to the right of the *Daily Herald*.

PETER FRYER

15 Barnmead Road
Beckenham

PARKS IN PATCHES

SIR,—Sir Henry Slesser does not like Miss Coxhead's only too well justified criticism of the reorganisation of the Dartmoor National Park Committee, which was designed to exclude from participation in its most important functions those of the Minister's nominees who worked hardest, had most local knowledge, and cared most deeply for the protection of Dartmoor. That is a fact well known in Devon, and Sir Henry cannot really evade it. The façade of constitutional procedure was maintained by keeping the proportion of national nominees to County Council members numerically the same on the principal sub-committee (Plans) as on the main committee—that is, with the nationally-nominated members heavily outnumbered!—but that was a smoke-screen that deluded no one. The Park Committee's own uneasiness about the new 're-organisation' was reflected six months later in the voting on a motion to return to the original form of procedure: this was equal at 6:6, and only Sir Henry's vote from the chair kept the new arrangement in being.

The local vested interests—landowning, industrial, commercial, agricultural, public utility—are very powerful and vociferous in Devon, and never have they been more overwhelmingly represented on the Dartmoor Park Committee than now. It was their spokesmen on the Park Committee who pressed for the erection of a 750-ft steel mast on Hessary Tor, who resisted the making of access agreements, who allowed yellow sodium street lamps in a Dartmoor village and the use by car traffic of a private road far into the heart of Dartmoor, and have condoned the filling of lovely valleys with concrete waterworks. Recently they have supported the claim of a china clay company to industrialise 900 unspoiled acres of southern Dartmoor, though admittedly this was agreed by the narrow margin of only one vote—again, Sir Henry Slesser's.

The term 'National Park', applied to Dartmoor, is and always has been a cynical misnomer. Those who attempt to defend the principles of the National Parks Act are always accused of 'riding roughshod over the claims of those in possession', but in fact it is those in possession who do the roughriding, and well and truly are they trampling on the natural beauty of Dartmoor.

SYLVIA SAYER
Chairman

The Dartmoor Preservation Association
Cator
Widecombe-in-the-Moor

BITTER BALLAD

SIR,—Mr Driberg, writing on 1 March about an ITV programme 'The White Jungle', hazarded the guess that the BBC would probably have never put this programme on, and 'certainly not with the bitter ballad with which it began and ended', one verse of which he then quotes. In fact, two verses of this ballad, 'Black, White and Brown Blues', were used in a BBC North Regional Television Film Unit production called 'Night in the City', which was shown on BBC Television on 14 June 1957. 'Night in the City' was produced by Denis Mitchell, who was responsible for another BBC documentary called 'In Prison', which might equally have been called a 'strange, disturbing programme'.

The first of the two verses which were used in 'Night in the City' runs as follows:

> I asked a woman for a lodging,
> She looked me in the eye—
> Pointed to a little notice,
> Says, 'No Coloureds Need Apply.'

I find it difficult to imagine the 'unexceptionable policy reasons' which, Mr Driberg alleges, would have prevented the BBC from broadcasting this ballad.

T. W. CHALMERS
Controller

North Region, BBC

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Spring Books Supplement

THE DARWIN CENTENARY

EVERY biologist probably feels that he wants to revere Charles Darwin, yet that somehow he cannot give unreserved admiration. An examination of the way in which various types of biologist resolve this dilemma would make an interesting study of the modern developments of the subject. Darwin's life and work have been endlessly studied in the hundred years since the appearance of the *Origin* but he remains a curiously ambiguous figure. Did he prove that evolution has occurred, or demonstrate its mechanism? Was he a profound thinker and leader of a revolution in human thought? Do his technical contributions justify the title of the father of modern biology? Darwin himself seems to have realised that some at least of these questions would be asked. Towards the end of his life he wrote his autobiography, but when it was published five years after his death considerable sections were missed out. His wife and several of his children persuaded his son Francis, who edited the work, that some of the more pungent comments were naive and unworthy. It is therefore very satisfactory that we are to have a complete transcript of the original version*, published by his granddaughter from the original manuscript – now deposited in the Cambridge University Library. Besides restoring some six thousand words Lady Barlow has added, in appendices, some interesting letters on Darwin's attitude to his grandfather, Erasmus, the controversy with Samuel Butler and other matters.

Among the restored passages is one that illustrates how Darwin could use his method when not inhibited by the orthodox views of his family.

> Nor must we overlook the probability of the constant inculcation in a belief in God on the minds of children producing so strong and perhaps an inherited effect on their brains not yet fully developed, that it would be as difficult for them to throw off their belief in God as for a monkey to throw off its instinctive fear and hatred of a snake.

Mrs Darwin particularly asked her son to leave out the mention of the animals because 'it gives one a sort of shock'. It does indeed – and very salutary too.

Darwin's greatest admirers today are probably to be found among naturalists. Besides relishing his simple methods of examining animals and plants, they cannot but be delighted that a man of plain mind was able so to revolutionise human thought. Modern naturalists and systematists have been able to complete the Darwinian thesis by showing evolutionary change actually occurring over a relatively short period of years: for example, moths becoming dark in industrial areas. We are thus in the position today to say that evolution has been clearly proved to occur. This was not strictly achieved by Darwin. He showed it to be very probable and devised the ingenious mechanism of natural selection by which it might take place. The explanation is so convincing that it, as it were, became part of the proof. Much of the ensuing controversy has depended upon the failure to separate these two elements in 'Darwinism'. Closer examination of the apparently simple machine that Darwin proposed has proved to involve most complicated mathematics and statistics. The fact that the hypothesis has provided such scope for development is indeed a great tribute to its propounder.

Assessment of Darwin's contribution is further complicated by the fact that he came increasingly to believe that what we now term acquired characters are inherited. His position was therefore not as clearly distinct as is often supposed from that of Lamarck, nor even from Samuel Butler. He was of course intelligently concerned at the lack of knowledge about heredity, so much so that he invented, without a scrap of evidence, his democratic hypothesis of Pangenesis, according to which every cell in the body sends its representative to the germ cells, there to debate the best course for the next generation. This theorising is an interesting commentary on the common belief that he achieved his results by the patient accumulation of facts. He himself repeatedly emphasised the need for speculation and that facts alone were no use to him. 'How odd it is that anyone should not see that all observation must be for or against some view if it is to be of any service.' Or again, 'What makes a man a discoverer of undiscovered things? . . . Many men who are very clever never originate anything . . . the art consists in habitually searching for causes or meaning of everything which occurs.' Not very penetrating observations perhaps; indeed he was no philosopher but at least he could recognise where problems occur.

It is especially difficult to see the significance of Darwin's work for those concerned with physiology and biochemistry, who make up the majority of modern biologists. At most they occasionally pause to refer in passing to the fact that the functions or substances they are investigating have significance in the long time course of evolution. Busy as they are analysing what modern organisms are made of and how they work, can they afford to neglect the past?

Perhaps it is partly Darwin's fault (as well as theirs) that they do so. He was an amateur, not really concerned with the handling of living organisms. None of the techniques that are the pride of biology today owe anything directly to his influence. He had very little knowledge of microscopy or conception of the physical and chemical composition of the body. The realisation that living organisms can be studied by measurement and analysis has come from other sources. There have even been those who have felt that excessive attention to evolutionary sequences has retarded the development of these more analytical studies. Evolution came to be itself an 'explanation' of biological phenomena, so that there was no need to study living organisms as physical systems. Wilhelm His complained in 1874 that his contemporaries 'had better things to do in embryology than to discuss tensions of germinal layers and similar questions, since all embryological explanations must of necessity be of phylogenetic nature'.

Following Darwin, there has undoubtedly been a dichotomy in biology between those concerned with evolution and with modern organisms. Fortunately the two sides are now slowly coming together. The Darwinian is able to press upon the physiologist the need to consider how all the mechanisms of the body contribute to the stability of life. Teleology is no longer the 'hate' word that it was and we are beginning to think about finding mathematical techniques with which to measure the amounts of 'information' available to organisms for the conduct of their lives.

It is meaningless to ask whether we could have reached this point sooner if Darwin had been other than he was. The liberation of thought that he provided was itself a factor in allowing the developments of biochemistry, electronics and many other things that enter into the complex of ideas with which we describe organisms today. What he did was enough in itself.

He was a great man because he saw clearly something that had only been dimly seen before and wrote about it in simple language. He was basically a plain commonsensical man who revelled in the fact that his method of direct observation could solve many critical questions. He was able to fulfil the dream that lies in many of us, not only scientists and philosophers – to say something important. His whole life was indeed a sort of dream. Hiding perhaps behind his illness, he avoided the banalities of Victorian society. Living quietly at Downe he was content with his barnacles, orchids and earthworms.

Like any ordinary man he was sensitive of criticism and especially of the thought that his ideas were not new. Particularly galling was the fact that his own grandfather, Erasmus, believed in evolution long before he did. For all one's dislike of Samuel Butler, one cannot help relishing the acumen with which he saw this chink in Darwin's armour. The quarrel between the two of them was apparently about trivial matters of the etiquette of publication, but its fury derived from the difference in their characters. Butler could see pretentiousness in the great aura of importance with which Darwin was surrounded. Darwin characterised Butler's work as 'merely ephemeral'.

How much does the fact of evolution matter to each of us today? Knowledge of it reveals a continuity in nature that has a profound influence on all our thoughts and descriptions of ourselves. The change produced 100 years

* *Autobiography of Charles Darwin.* Edited by NORA BARLOW. *Collins.* 16s. To be published 2 April.

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CHATTO & WINDUS

ago is still slowly penetrating to new parts of the language – for example, in psychology and ethics. In the technical sphere of biology evolution may seem at first to be of less immediate daily interest than the study of what modern organisms are made of and how they work. Yet the continual slow adaptation of the race to its environment is absolutely necessary to maintain stability. In this sense evolution is a 'function' as much as is, say, digestion or respiration. To study such a slow process extending through hundreds of millions of years requires a patient man like Darwin, prepared to be excited by the scraps of evidence of fossils or obscure surviving relicts. Yet the history of those years is what informs us all and attention to it will be found to be of as much value as study of the chemistry of each hormone or vitamin.

J. Z. YOUNG

The Thought Barrier

Defence in the Nuclear Age. By STEPHEN KING-HALL. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

On the dust-cover of this book the author's publishers introduce him with something of the enthusiasm of missionaries showing off a converted cannibal chief. 'Against a background of service experience and tradition,' they say, 'he argues for unilateral nuclear disarmament.' It is a doubtful recommendation. The problem of nuclear armaments, on the level at which Sir Stephen treats it, is one not of military but of political science, and the most scintillating staff-college record is poor preparation for thinking about politics. Sir Stephen has better qualifications than this. He has a critical intelligence, resolute political courage and independence, and an original, slightly mischievous cast of mind. For 20 years he has been the salutary and persistent gadfly of the State, forcing us constantly to re-examine our presuppositions. But since the publishers suggest that this book is a sober military appreciation, it must be judged as such; not as the latest and most painful of those stings to national complacency which Sir Stephen has learned to administer with such merciless skill.

In lectures and articles Sir Stephen has already expounded his central thesis. Force, he maintains, having become totally destructive, has outlived its usefulness as a weapon in the settlement of conflicts between States. The objects of all such conflicts is to change the enemy's mind; and since we can no longer do so by force without destroying ourselves in the process, we must do it by persuasion alone. We should therefore abandon, not simply nuclear weapons, but since the Russians would presumably retain their nuclear weapons, conventional weapons as well. The resources we are spending on arms should be diverted to political warfare, both aggressive and defensive. The aggressive would consist in propaganda to convince the Communist world of the excellence of our 'way of life', which Sir Stephen sees enshrined in Parliament, free elections and freedom of the Press. The defensive would consist in training the population of this country in passive resistance of a type which would make life intolerable for the Russians if they took advantage of our absence of defence and occupied our territory. We would thus not only avoid the danger of thermonuclear war but gain a moral leadership which would rank as a staggering victory in the conflict with the Communist 'way of life'.

Such a view will be accepted by the millions who are anxious, whatever the consequences, to 'get rid' of thermonuclear weapons, and rejected by the other millions who have not allowed the development of thermonuclear power to affect their traditional beliefs about sovereignty and defence. The latter have not yet, in Sir Stephen's phrase, 'got through the thought-barrier'; and this thought-barrier, the difficulty of re-thinking the problems of defence in nuclear terms, is a very real thing. But there are those of us who, even if we are less confident than is Sir Stephen that we are through the barrier, know that it is there, and are revving up our poor little intellectual engines to break through it; but who none the less reject Sir Stephen's thesis as being as inapplicable to the nuclear as to any other age.

'Thought barriers' exist in fields other than strategic thinking, and there are one or two through which Sir Stephen himself has yet to break. There is one involved in his conception of 'democracy'. For Sir Stephen parliamentary democracy is an IDEA [his capitals] to be fostered by propaganda and capable of being extended anywhere in the world. But political thinkers began to break through this particular barrier over a century ago, and have done so since in such large numbers that it is surprising to find anyone still left on the other side. Most of us have long accepted political institutions as being comparative, rooted in peculiar historical contexts and in the social and economic conditions of their place and time. Our 'way of life' must thus be defended, not simply by the preservation of its institutions and ideas, but by maintaining the social conditions out of which they have grown; and the social conditions which make it possible for 50 million people to inhabit these islands in relative amity depend on an immensely complex web of world-wide financial and commercial 'interests' which involve us in numberless problems of international politics where our possession of armed (though not necessarily nuclear) power is a matter of some significance. This is a crucial aspect of the 'defence of our way of life', but Sir Stephen nowhere examines it. Instead he accepts at its face value the pious euphemism 'Defence', which is about as sensible as believing that a 'lavatory' is simply a place to wash. Perhaps here a military background is a liability rather than an asset. For the soldier the function of armed forces is primarily to ensure the security of their base and threaten that of the enemy. For the politician they are an instrument of national policy, and their existence is significant even in peacetime transactions. They are like the assets which enable financiers to operate even though they need never be realised; and in a political world whose native element is still *power* it is hard to see how this can be otherwise. To advocate a policy of total disarmament without even a cursory examination of its possible effect on the maintenance of the world interests which make our way of life possible is to show a degree of irresponsibility remarkable even in gadflies.

By thus ignoring the major problems of military policy Sir Stephen is able to devote about a quarter of his book to expounding means by which an occupation of this country could be passively resisted. Why he believes that the British people could be trained to the necessary standard of saintly stamina when they are not prepared to make the far lesser sacrifices needed to maintain large conventional forces is not altogether clear. The question is anyhow irrelevant. Why should the Russians *want* to occupy us? In 'peacetime' they could create chaos and misery here by the disruption of our overseas interests. In war their submarines could eliminate us as a power without our catching sight of a Russian soldier; and how

does one 'passively resist' a submarine? Democracy, however sedulously propagated, seldom survives in conditions of starvation and economic collapse. Sir Stephen does not entirely ignore the problem; but is it really a sign of mental rigidity to find the following passage naive?

> It is a fascinating exercise of imagination to picture a besieged Britain living on its own resources, the centre of world attention, the miners performing prodigies of output, the agricultural community extracting every ounce of food from our soil, the whole nation on a basic food, fuel and clothing ration and basic wage, party politics forgotten and a renaissance of national purpose and unity far exceeding those stirring days (never to be forgotten by those who participated in them) when Great Britain stood alone after Dunkirk.

We may accept Sir Stephen's word that this *is* an exercise of the imagination and not an extract from an Intourist hand-out about life in Soviet Russia. But it is not by such exercises, however fascinating, that sane policies are evolved, in the field of defence or of anything else.

MICHAEL HOWARD

Two Social Scientists

British Pressure Groups. By J. D. STEWART. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

The Family Life of Old People. By PETER TOWNSEND. *Routledge.* 30*s.*

At Nuffield College the other day I ran into a graduate, who told me that the subject of his research was International Communism. 'How lucky you are,' I observed, 'to begin your work when the barriers are down and you can easily get an invitation to Prague or Warsaw or Belgrade.' 'Oh no,' he replied, rather huffily, 'I prefer to keep to the documents.'

Reading *British Pressure Groups*, I was irresistibly reminded of this incident. The author, Mr J. D. Stewart, tells us that he spent two years at Nuffield doing research; and in the Appendix on his sources he reveals that the main material for his thesis has come from trade journals, annual reports of groups, and directories. True, he has also discussed the problem with a number of officials and MPs. But it is only too obvious that, in the main, he has sat in his study browsing through the documents and formulating his conclusions. The result of this academic exercise is a curious little book, as genteel as an eighteenth-century essay, but nothing like as elegant.

Mr Stewart is a latter-day Aristotelean, who seems to believe that politics is a normative science, which teaches us how the good society functions. In his first chapter he explains to us how a well-conducted pressure group should behave, and then proceeds to give instances of good, less good and downright bad behaviour, which he has noticed while reading all those trade journals and reports.

> In July 1953 the National Union of Manufacturers circulated a duplicated copy of 'The case for the raising of the heavy goods vehicles speed limit from 20 m.p.h. to 30 m.p.h.' It looked dull and it was dull. It was badly presented and gave little fresh information on the problem. An MP is either going to be interested because of new information or interested by presentation. This document gave him neither. . . . If groups were well advised their circulars would be better designed.

So now we know.

The central doctrine of *British Pressure Groups* is quite unambiguous. The norm to be aimed at is the achievement of a non-partisan status, which entitles the leaders of the group to be consulted

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V. S. REID'S novel **The Leopard** is an exciting, haunting and beautiful story of a strange double chase through the African jungle. This young Jamaican's first novel, *New Day*, was highly praised by the critics and has become a landmark in West Indian writing. 13s. 6d.

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ANTHONY BURGESS'S second novel, **The Enemy in the Blanket,** "amply confirms the lively promise of Time for a Tiger," says John Metcalf, *Sunday Times*. "This is a fascinating chronicle of the end of a fascinating era." 15s.

EDITH PARGETER has written a book of three lengthy short stories. Entitled **The Assize of the Dying,** it "gives full scope to this author's penetrating knowledge of human nature ... here is, truly, a marvel of story-telling." Elizabeth Bowen, *Tatler*. 16s.

HEINEMANN will also be publishing on March 24 **Big Sur and the Oranges of Hieronymus Bosch** by **Henry Miller** —an account of his life at Big Sur on the Californian coast. "A book brimful of judgments: it offers the fruits of its author's meditation upon a hundred topics—upon the very substance of life; and it is rich in commentary upon people—friends, curiosity-seekers, intellectual pilgrims ..." *New York Herald Tribune.*

by Government Departments, both in day-to-day administration and in the preparation of draft legislation. It is only a second-class pressure group which must arrange to have questions asked by a tame MP or amendments moved in Standing Committee. The ideal pressure group is a vested interest, so intimately anchored in the Government Departments that everything is 'fixed' in Whitehall and no overt parliamentary activity is required at Westminster.

Mr Stewart regards the NFU as the beau ideal of the pressure group. It started as a voluntary association, dedicated to a partisan, political cause and combatively representative of a sectional interest. But, under the modernising leadership of Sir James Turner, it has since 1945 eschewed all party politics and used its monopoly position to achieve a unique integration with the Ministry of Agriculture. Along with the General Secretaries of the big trade unions and the Chairmen of the nationalised boards and great public companies, Sir James has become one of the oligarchs who divide and rule in post-war Britain. Under his guidance, what was a democratically directed farmers' movement has become a monolithic vested interest, a full member of the Establishment.

I would be the last to complain that Mr Stewart has used his academic investigations to prove a political thesis. Objectivity in the social sciences means not a neutral incapacity to make up your mind but an awareness of your own prejudices, sufficient to ensure that all the facts which run counter to them are stated and all your impressions are checked, wherever possible, by scientific methods. What is wrong with Mr Stewart's book is not his doctrine that all rebellious democratic organisations should transform themselves into respectable vested interests but the haphazard way in which he gathers the facts to justify it. In Appendix B he prints a list of the Members of the 1951 Parliament who were connected with pressure groups. It is a weird document, which includes (apart from the sponsored trade union MPs) six Members who are said to be connected with the Church of England, three with the Methodists and one with Jewry. Yet there is no list of Catholic Members and he never mentions the fact that the Catholic Church is the most pervasive pressure group working in Westminster and Whitehall today.

Mr Stewart will no doubt reply that, since this is not an encyclopædia, he had to select. But what was the principle of selection? He devotes many pages to describing the campaign for Equal Pay and the activities of the Lord's Day Observance Society. But he fails altogether to mention the most successful example of pressure group activity since 1945 – the campaign by the radio and advertising industries to legalise commercial television. So, too, he devotes a page or two to Mr Cube's opposition to sugar nationalisation but omits to mention the activities of the steel masters and road hauliers, which resulted in the two great Acts of denationalisation.

Mr Stewart gives us no explanation for these extraordinary and haphazard omissions. 'This is a study of proper, official and recognised activities,' he remarks. 'There is nothing written here of the underhand.' This is really no excuse for a complete failure to undertake any investigation into the influence which the big trade unions and big business exert in the Labour and Tory Party hierarchies. In his *British Political Parties*, Mr Robert McKenzie discreetly avoided this embarrassing piece of research. He could excuse himself by saying that he would leave it to someone specialising in pressure groups. Alas! In the first book devoted to this topic to be published in this country, Mr Stewart has been equally evasive. Yet, if we want to discover the real influence of the big pressure groups in British politics, the place to look is not on the stage of the Commons but behind the scenes, where the politicians of each party come to terms with their backers.

It is a relief to turn to Mr Peter Townsend's superb study of old people in Bethnal Green. Here is a work of social science which is also, in its way, a work of art—a precise description, based on hundreds of personal visits, of how the old age pensioner lives in post-war Bethnal Green. As a social scientist Mr Townsend has every quality that Mr Stewart lacks. A novelist's eye for detail and power of description is nicely balanced by a passion for scientific analysis, which submits each general impression to an elaborate statistical analysis. Unlike Mr Stewart, Mr Townsend distrusts anything he is told by those in authority as much as he suspects his own personal impressions and those of the old age pensioners he was studying. All must be checked and double-checked before a generalisation is made or a conclusion drawn.

I cannot say that *The Family Life of Old People* makes easy reading. Those who share my aversion for statistical tables will admire its intellectual integrity, while admitting that it is often indigestible. Yet, once I had submitted myself to its austere discipline, I found it both poignant and instructive. Mr Townsend describes the complexities of working-class family life and indicates how easily a wife's loyalty to the closely knit group of relatives of three generations can conflict with her loyalty to her husband—and vice versa. He made me realise for the first time the two worst hardships of the old age pensioner—first, the terrible desolation of those bereft of relatives and, secondly, the psychological collapse which retirement often brings to the working man. Few working men can live happily without work, whereas the working woman can usually maintain a full life after her husband's retirement, and particularly so if she happens to have grandchildren.

'The aim has been to derive practical recommendations for policy from sociological evidence,' remarks Mr Townsend. A good example of this is his comment on the effect of rehousing the younger generation far away from their parents, in outlying suburbs. In Bethnal Green, where friendships outside the family are rare, this can cause the most painful desolation. Yet, despite this, Mr Townsend concludes that 'the extended family is slowly adjusting to new circumstances, not disintegrating'. Indeed, his patient investigations give the lie to all those pessimists who predicted that the higher living standards and improved social services of the welfare state would undermine family life. 'To the old person as much as to the young,' he concludes, 'family life seems to be the supreme comfort and support. Its central purpose is as strong as ever.'

In a world where everyone is complaining of the barriers which separate the politician at Westminster from the people outside, this kind of book is sorely needed—if only the politicians will bother to read it.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

A second edition has now appeared of T. G. Connolly's and W. Sluckin's *Statistics for the Social Sciences* (Cleaver-Hume, 16s.). Other new editions include R. Palme Dutt's *Crisis of Britain and the British Empire* (Lawrence & Wishart, 30s.–revised), R. H. Thouless's *General and Social Psychology* (University Tutorial Press, 18s. 6d.), and the last two volumes of the late Agnes Mure Mackenzie's History of Scotland (Oliver and Boyd): *The Scotland of Queen Mary* (20s.) and *The Passing of the Stewarts* (21s.).

The Whole Byron

Byron : a Biography. By LESLIE A. MARCHAND. *Murray.* 3 *vols.*, £7 7*s.*

The Greek matron who laid out Byron's body told her daughter afterwards that he was 'white like the wing of a young chicken'. This seems a strange way to record the contemplation of a ruin. The doctors had been bleeding and purging him for days. Greece had destroyed the remnant of his health. All his adult life he had alternately starved himself (in a half-crazy resolve to keep down his weight) and blown himself apart with meat and claret. He had indulged himself sexually so much – I simply mean intercourse with servants and prostitutes – that his doctor began to fear for his life. He was familiar with laudanum and gonorrhoea. He used to point at his grey and falling hair, and at his fluctuating waistline, and tell people not to mind his years, he was an old man.

But the Greek dame saw him white and beautiful. She also, we may be sure, saw him immaculate, since Byron was a messianic figure to all her people. The Greek episode at the end of his life marks a shaking-off of squalor and pettiness and a progress into authentic heroism. This final rallying of the whole man is the most memorable thing in Professor Marchand's 1200-page narrative. And a fine narrative it is. It succeeds, as few biographies succeed, in conveying the sense of a lifetime passing. From the days when 'Mrs Byron's crockit deevil' was sticking pins into his mother in church, or stalking round Newstead with miniature pistols in his belt and a gothic scowl on his face, until the voyage home of the *Florida* with Byron's body below deck in 180 gallons of spirit ('those teeth in which poor fellow he once so prided himself quite discoloured'), one experiences a unity which grows out of the psychology of the subject, and is not imposed by the plan of the biographer. We hate (to adapt Keats's remark) biographies which have a design on us, and Professor Marchand's refusal to embrace a thesis is, especially on moral issues, a source of strength. Of course there is no such thing as a completely 'open' deployment of facts, but the dispassion of this book's enthusiasm is remarkable.

One consequence of Professor Marchand's openmindedness is that he scarcely attempts any literary criticism. This may well have been a wise limitation since criticism does not call on the same talents as biography, and it tends, when introduced, to damage unity of tone: Edgar Johnson's *Dickens*, another massive American biography of comparable excellence, is weakened by *intermezzi*-chapters of would-be literary criticism. One must do the criticism for oneself – a task made pleasant by ample and apposite quotation. Byron's greatness as a writer of prose comes across with new force in this biography – the letters are even more wonderful read in context than they are in a volume on their own; and the latter-day Augustanism of the formal prose – there are generous quotations from Byron's speech against the Tory riot bill of 1812 – grows splendid with indignation. Anger is perhaps the most creative of emotions in a prose-writer. But not in a poet: hence Byron's slighter achievement in that art, although it is also true that he seldom took enough trouble with his verse, and that his contemporary taste was fatally defective. He thought that Moore was a better poet than Wordsworth. He abused Keats filthily. Aristocratic contempt for middle-class scribblers led

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JAMES YAFFE

all prices are net

him into meanness and absurdity. His own forthrightness and *bravura* monotone will not die; but if you lay 'I have not loved the world, nor the world me' alongside *The Prelude*, anybody except a foreigner will take your point.

Librarians, and others, will turn over in the bookshop these beautifully produced and most readable volumes, and will wonder whether they are about to spend seven guineas on an object which is likely to become obsolete. The answer is No. Professor Marchand has scanned the world for material, and very little of importance can have escaped his diligence. He has not had access to the Lovelace papers; but earlier biographers have, and he has used their work. Mr Wilson Knight's book on Byron's marriage is not discussed (I suppose it appeared too late) and so one must go to Mr Knight for an interpretation of the evidence contained in the *Don Leon* poems. It is also possible that one of the reputed transcripts of the burnt *Memoirs* will turn up one day. But it is almost inconceivable that anything will supersede Professor Marchand's work, the fruit of ten years' application.

Among incidental shortcomings, one might mention some uncouth translation—

> While still in ignorance the old bird goes
> That low he now should hang his horned head—

an occasional lapse into biographer's prose ("The adventurous strangeness of the light flirtation with the dark foreign beauty blossomed soon after in his verses to "The Girl of Cadiz" "); a naivety in classical matters and an imprecise legal terminology; an uncertainty over social nuances: the difference between rank and good connections is as important for Byron as it is (in a very different way) for Jane Austen. Such things are a pity, but they don't greatly signify in the context of this fine achievement.

JOHN JONES

Waiting for What-Not

Watt. By SAMUEL BECKETT. *Zwemmer; Olympia Press.* 15s.

Malone Dies. By SAMUEL BECKETT. *Calder.* 10s. 6d.

Of these two novels by Samuel Beckett, *Watt* was apparently the second of two early novels written in English, and *Malone Dies* is the second of a trilogy written in French and translated by the author into English. Since more Beckett is obviously on the way, it's to be hoped his next book will have a well-documented introduction: one wants to know more than that his is the voice behind Godot, that he was Joyce's secretary, born in 1906, lives in Paris, and is Irish.

Watt starts fastidiously, in the manner of one picking up dropped sweets from the road. A Mr Hackett turns the corner, sees his evening seat occupied. Having incredulously passed, he looks back at the unaware lovers, bangs his rubber-tipped stick.

> Mr Hackett decided, after some moments, that if they were waiting for a tram they had been doing so for some time. For the lady held the gentleman by the ears, and the gentleman's hand was on the lady's thigh, and the lady's tongue was in the gentleman's mouth. . . .

By what right had they usurped his place at the tram stop?

> Tired of waiting for the tram, said Mr Hackett, they strike up an acquaintance. The lady now removing her tongue from the gentleman's mouth, he put his into hers.

Mr Hackett gets rid of them by the simple expedient of calling a policeman and charging them with indecency; there's an argument, and the others disperse, leaving the seat nicely warmed for Mr Hackett. Then an elderly couple approach, there are greetings, talk of one Grehan ('the poisoner', says one—'the solicitor', says the other), a frisky letter of his from prison is handed round and a lighter held close—for the sunset is fading—while surreptitiously Mr Hackett's hump is touched. This would seem—and is—splendid comedy in that murk, here with an urban-fringe setting, where all Beckett characters perambulate.

Bit by bit comedy fades; murk thickens. A tram deposits at the halt opposite what might be man or woman, or even a parcel; this is Watt; he somehow gets to the station, catches a rare train, descends, marches along a road, squats by it, and at last in the moonlight reaches Mr Knott's house, where he will spend the next 200 pages. Difficult pages, for him and for us: he is in more of a fog than any Kafka hero, and not morally alert. Does he perform certain tasks, such as feeding the dog with what's left on the plate? Will the first year confined to the ground floor be followed by another on the first floor? And will he never see Mr Knott except glancingly in the garden? At moments he seems to be Everyman, at others a lunatic, at others again—and these are the best—a Caliban bundled together out of ordinariness gone awry.

But these aren't the only bafflements. The writer also gets lost in obsession, and thrusts on his reader whole rigmaroles of near-repetition, in which every permutation and combination of some simple action or scene are inexorably worked out. How many ways are there for a committee of five to glance at one another? Mr Beckett will elaborate it, in four pages. And yet, despite hit and miss, bafflement verbal and active, illumination seems never far off. Just how this should be so is the author's secret; and at the end, there's a return to lucid comedy. Astonishing book, in comedy or scabrous insight; for stretches maddeningly impassible; and when all's done, though we may not know what exactly Watt is or Knott is not, beyond fogged youth and fagged age, humanity seems to have loomed.

Beckett's great gift is for clowning. The Godot pair have their analogues here in a score of minor figures; in Watt himself, and much report of his master; who, for example, would dress himself for bed by pulling a nightshirt over his day-clothes, but rise in the morning with clothes on top and nightshirt underneath. For clothes, for an old top-coat or far-travelled boot, Beckett has the kind of life-giving affection felt by Gogol. His stark fault is the lapse into pedantry; and perhaps this is explained by his elucidation of what might be called other laughter:

> The bitter laugh laughs at that which is not good, it is the ethical laugh. The hollow laugh laughs at that which is not true, it is the intellectual laugh. Not good! Not true! Well, well. But the mirthless laugh is the dianoetic laugh, down the snout—Haw!—so. It is the laugh of laughs, the *risus purus*, the laugh laughing at the laugh, the beholding, the saluting of the highest joke, in a word the laugh that laughs—silence please—at that which is unhappy.

True? For him? When he succeeds—yes; when he gets lost, it is merely beyond a joke.

The obsessive and reiterative itch has been eliminated from *Malone Dies*; but there is less comedy, and—one presumes—more disguised autobiography. An old bed-ridden man lies dying in a strange room, able to probe with his

stick, draw towards him the food put in at the door, stare out of the window, and write in a diary. The book journalises his dying, beguiles it with stories of four other people, the chief of them – apparently – himself younger. The convergence is remarkably imagined, though not without tedium; and there are the usual ambiguities as to who he is, where he lies, where he comes from, whither he goes. What is it all about? Life and death. But life and death all the time is too much. In the early novel he has escaped from this into comic behaviour or verbal thickets; in the latter, there are fewer escapes, and the mirthless laugh – Haw! – predominates. His masterpiece, one feels, has yet to be written, in which will be resolved the clowning on all levels.

Meanwhile, despite faults, which at their most clenched seem to combine the worst of Joyce and Kafka, he commands a prose that can scarcely be matched by another writer.

G. W. STONIER

Demons and Dayaks

Nine Dayak Nights. By W. R. GEDDES. *Oxford.* 42*s.*

Head-hunters of Borneo. By PIERRE IVANOFF. *Jarrolds.* 21*s.*

Anthropological expeditions to Borneo succeed each other with such ruthless regularity that the Dayaks, one feels, can hardly have time to tidy up and brush themselves down after one expedition has left before the next arrives. It is easy to forget, however, that this is the third largest island in the world, having an area of more than a quarter of a million square miles, and that for every recorded fact or myth 'there's plenty more where it came from'. (Of the many who have attempted explanations for the curious custom of head-hunting, none, so far, seems to have found food for thought in the anthropologists' own absorption with the subject.)

Mr W. R. Geddes displays no deep preoccupation with heads in his *Nine Dayak Nights*, and had this been all he would have struck a new note. But it is far from being all, for he has brought a new form and structure to the study of a culture: the narration of a folk myth that was told to him in nine nightly instalments. The first half of the book is an explanation of belief, custom and routine in his chosen locale, the Land Dayak village of Mentu Tapuh in south-eastern Sarawak, setting scene and context for the story.

The Dayaks are animists. They 'believe, some clearly, some obscurely, that every object, but particularly those growing or usable or capable of changing in any way, has in it a kind of force. It must have, so they say, for otherwise it could not grow or be used or change'. Sickness is 'caused by evil demons, who either wounded the patient internally, stayed in his body to work harm, or stole one of his seven souls which, combined, sustain his life. . . . Had the Dayaks been shown their too-familiar germs through a microscope they would instantly have claimed confirmation of their theory. A characteristic of demons is that they can make themselves minute at will'.

Mr Geddes's approach to this attitude is thoughtful.

A thorough attack on the Land Dayak theory of disease, especially if extended to crop disease, could ruin their religion, and with it would go much of their present ceremony and fun. The apostles of Christianity feel justified in making such an attack. We shall pass over the fact that they strike their first blows with the weapons of rationalism. We can

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DENT

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★

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DENT

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DENT

only hope that they will carry their attack through, giving the people new joys and new art to make up for what they will have lost. A humble anthropologist had better meddle less deeply.

All of Mr Geddes's writing, in fact, reflects humility, humanity and intelligence. The book is notably well written and constructed, and both with the Dayaks and his readers he is patient without patronising. As for the story itself, 'its aim is direct – to wile away the night, to lighten the labour in the fields, to please and to excite'. Well, it pleased and excited this reader, and wiled away too much of a night. This is a serious but highly entertaining contribution to psychological anthropology. There are nine excellent photographs and two maps.

M. Pierre Ivanoff's *Head Hunters of Borneo* is the unappetising fruit – one hopes not the only fruit – of a year-long French expedition starting from the opposite (east) coast. The publisher's blurb and foreword are remarkable examples of the almost totally misleading. The book is about a half of normal length. It is without index, chapter titles, list of illustrations, or apparent construction. Concealed in this amorphous volume is a good deal of fact, some of it not readily accessible elsewhere. There is one sentence about midway in its hundred cataleptic pages that shows a flicker of life, and some half-dozen photographs out of more than fifty (the blurb mentions an apparently arbitrary 27) that have some merit.

GAVIN MAXWELL

Lay Hold on Life

The Sanctity of Life and the Criminal Law. By GLANVILLE WILLIAMS. *Faber*. 30*s*.

Dr Glanville Williams is, I think, a lucky man. He is, that is to say, a teacher of law who would be unable, even if he tried, to write a dull page on even the stodgiest aspects of his subject. One awaits each of his new books with excitement. This time his special subject, always a vivid and controversial one, has enabled him to compile a code of tactics for many imminent battles on euthanasia, the treatment of attempted suicides, abortion, AID, family planning, and sterilisation – though not, for some reason, on the new law of murder.

Wary tutor that he is, he always settles his definitions first; having done which, he is off and away. What, for example, is human life? Nature is a continuum, and man a process. You have to be very careful about deciding that the process has stopped: a man in Belgium was found in the mortuary seated on top of his coffin, not only alive but very hungry. Pirandello's *Lazzaro*, in which the villagers lost their faith because a man whose heart had stopped beating, and who was then revived, couldn't remember what it was like in Paradise, suggests to Dr Glanville Williams a parallel legal conundrum:

> Suppose that when a rich man's heart stops, and as the physician is about to revive him, his heir plunges a dagger into his breast in order to make sure that he is not restored to life. Is such an act the murder of a living man, or a mere unlawful interference with a corpse? . . . Is it death in law when the heart stops beating? If so, there can be life on this earth after death. . . .

And while you are still thinking that out, with all its pagan implications, he is back at the womb, showing how replete it is with legal contingencies and unborn problems of moral, logical, ethical, and theological complexity. When does human life begin? When does it acquire a soul? He describes, in dealing with therapeutic abortion, how the Roman Church is required to baptise an unborn child that is going to be born dead, putting a prescribed antiseptic into the holy water and getting the baptismal formula absolutely word perfect (otherwise it is void); but he does not know the age at which the soul enters the fœtus, and accordingly presumes that before this happens there is 'no one standing in danger of eternal torment'. His irreverence about the hazards of entry to this world may shock even more people than what he says about the morality of voluntary departure. But the long chapter on 'The Prohibition of Suicide' is perhaps the most timely in a consistently topical book, for in this respect there is at last a determined movement for law reform (initiated, so far as I know, by Dr Glanville Williams's own letter in *The Times* on 11 February this year) that will need all the missiles he can furnish. The English condemnation of suicide seems to be traceable to Josephus, whose soldiers, conquered by the Romans, wanted to kill themselves, whereas he himself wanted to stay alive. He extemporised a down-with-suicide speech and stayed alive, handing down to posterity a number of fallacious notions, including the proposition that suicide is against all animal nature (but dogs, for example, kill themselves through remorse or boredom). That classical Nazi, Aristotle, added that the law never commands a person to kill himself, 'and what it does not command, it forbids, therefore suicide is wrong'. Yet the early Christians were able, in large numbers, to sanctify suicide by provoking infidels to martyr them, and we have always been allowed to speak with approval of men like Captain Oates. I learn with surprise from this book that the famous edict of the Council of Arles in A.D. 452 was directed only against the suicide of servants, who even then were rather hard to get. Like a gust of fresh air through all this comes an apt quotation from that exhilarating thinker, Dr Harry Roberts:

> Anyway it seems to me a problem for each person to decide for himself, if any problem is to be left for individual solution. It is well that we should look upon other people's lives as their most sacred and their most personal possession; but I doubt if it is nobility of mind that drives us to attach some cosmic and sacred significance to our own.

I do, too.

C. H. ROLPH

Where the Train Slows Down

The Contenders. By JOHN WAIN. *Macmillan*. 13*s*. 6*d*.

The English *Zeitgeist* – and that includes the English novel – continues to grow odder and odder. Consider, as 'Cross-Bencher' in the *Sunday Express* would say, the strange case of Mr John Wain. What a cultural puzzle he presents! Technically, as his *Preliminary Essays* showed, he is one of the best literary critics at present in practice. Give him a poem by Hopkins, Pound, Empson or Thomas and he will tease the meaning and the beauties out of it with all the ingenuity of an accomplished literary safebreaker. Yet it never fails to surprise me that someone so sensitive at this level should be so unwearied an old 'China hand' when it comes to literary journalism and the drafting of manifestoes. Reading Mr Wain's fulminating censures in *Declaration* or his savage sarcastic hints about the literary 'racket' (one recalls the late Logan Pearsall Smith's similar ravings towards the end of his

life in the leafy Forties) one has a feeling of critical schizophrenia. So intelligent at one moment, so aggressively pompous the next.

My literary sentiments in regard to Mr Wain have been deepened and intensified by reading his new novel. Once again, the adjectives cancel one another out and the reviewer, exasperated at his failure to make a true appreciation, retires baffled at his author's contrariness. Witty, lively, full of incident and invention, crammed with the moral nostalgia of the provinces (in this case North Staffordshire), it is at one level a most gifted and moving piece of writing; at the same time it is so muddled, so unfirm in its characterisation, so inconsistent, the style often so deliberately scruffy – as on page five, for instance:

> Now I've mentioned the word 'London' I'd better explain where all this took place. But here again I have to do some hedging before I can get on with the story. In England, so much depends on where you live. At least. . . . Well, we were in the provinces, and no error. I mustn't name the place, because there's this fool convention in English publishing that you don't name the place you're writing about, in case the unpleasant characters in the story turn out to resemble the mayor's in-laws, or whatever. Neither, on the other hand, am I going to follow the idiotic custom of calling it Bruddersfield or Grimchester. If I can't name this town, I'll just call it 'the town I mustn't name'. Anyway, it's that place you stop at on the way to Manchester – the one where you look out of the train window when it's slowing down, and think, 'Well, at least I don't live *here*'. . . .

When this sour, gesticulatory side of Mr Wain is uppermost – and you can be sure that when he is considering the wickedness of the metropolis, the be-raddlement of theatrical has-beens and the flash mischief of parties in the smarter parts of Hampstead, all the stops are out – he can be very boring indeed. The theme of his book – the contending struggle for power and admiration of two provincial young men, one an artist, the other an industrialist, as recorded by their fat, unambitious, happy-go-lucky friend – is basically an admirable one. Mr Wain's second chapter, in which the painter, Robert Lamb, takes a header into the big city, is one of the best things he has ever done, sensitive and firmly drawn, a genuine bit of Bennett out of Balzac's Angoulême. Alas, he comes unstuck in the very next chapter, letting the reader down with a bang in the middle of King's Road, Chelsea. Narration, the very prose itself, vanishes into the simmering cauldron of his sarcasm.

The truth is, that at heart Mr Wain is anything but a novelist. A critic, a literary pamphleteer, a social commentator, a lay preacher, a redbrick Savonarola hell-bent on regulating the *moeurs* of Soho or SW3 – all this and Reading, too, but seldom, except fitfully and in moody transitions, a creative artist. He has neither the tempo nor the sense of time nor the care for human character that make the real writer of fiction. Also, his wit and invention – though he has plenty of both – are strangely contrived. Baiting the rat-race Londoners, giving or receiving snubs from all and sundry, this is his staple line of fun. Unlike Mr Amis, he lacks the capacity for inflating his social prejudices into genuine balloons of comedy. His nagging wearies the reader but Mr Wain himself never seems to tire of it. As a result, his book is occasionally hysterical in its slapdash priggishness. His hero-narrator, in particular, is full of an energetic self-pity and self-approval that never appear to strike Mr Wain. All this can only exasperate his many admirers. Their one consolation is that now perhaps he has got it all out of his system and can give his gifted chip-on-the-shoulder a rest.

JOHN RAYMOND

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2 to start a rumpus

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A Selected List of Spring and Summer Books

The books listed below are a selection from those which have been announced for publication between now and October, excluding reprints and children's books. For reasons of space, we have had to leave out some titles announced for this period, which had already appeared in our selected list last autumn. Some prices are, of necessity, provisional.

Art, Architecture, Music

BERNARD BERENSON: Essays in Appreciation. *Chapman & Hall.* 25*s.*
D. BOULTON: Jazz in Britain. *W. H. Allen.* 21*s.*
M. J. E. BROWN: Schubert. *Macmillan.* 30*s.*
LE CORBUSIER: Modulor 2. *Faber.* 42*s.*
NORMAN DEMUTH: French Piano Music. *Museum.* 21*s.*
OTTO ERICH DEUTSCH (Ed.): Schubert: Memoirs by His Friends. *Black.* 70*s.*
J. H. FRANKLIN: Cathedrals of Italy. *Batsford.* 35*s.*
PETER GARVIE (Ed.): Music and Western Man. *Dent.* 25*s.*
REX HARRIS and BRIAN RUST: Recorded Jazz. *Penguin.* 3*s.* 6*d.*
HENRI HELL (Tr. EDWARD LOCKSPEISER): Francis Poulenc. *Calder.* 18*s.*
HUMPHREY LYTTELTON: Second Chorus. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15*s.*
JOHN POPE-HENNESSY: Italian Renaissance Sculpture. *Phaidon.* 63*s.*
J. M. RICHARDS: Functional Tradition in Architecture. *Architectural Press.* 36*s.*
HAROLD D. ROSENTHAL: Two Centuries of Opera at Covent Garden. *Putnam.* 63*s.*
W. STEVENSON SMITH: Art and Architecture of Egypt. *Penguin.* 63*s.*
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Practical Saints

AMONG the peculiar Puritan sects the survival and prosperity of the Mormons is astonishing. It is true that industry has made them rich, that wealth creates a bureaucracy and that people nowadays admire what they call a 'wonderful organisation'. It is true that Mormonism has become respectable. We are evidently wrong in thinking that extravagance is fatal to new religions. The Mormon faith was more (not less) extravagant than the very many others that had flared so frequently in the west of New York State at the beginning of the nineteenth century; the country indeed became known – in the enjoyable jargon of revivalism – as 'burnt-over' ground. Group life, colony life, imagined forms of Christian communism had always bedevilled the fancy of the settlers who saw themselves building civilisation from a blueprint; paradoxically, the attraction of many grotesque religions lies in their appeal to reason. They consume the mind with novel argument. Nor is scandal a disadvantage. Joseph Smith's inability to resist women enhanced his prestige as a prophet, except among the sour, for we do not expect maturity in men of genius; and, in any case, tens of thousands of converts, already inured to hardship, were willing to take on the acrimonies of polygamy. A polytheistic scripture written in 'reformed Egyptian' on gold plates which were delivered to Smith by an angel was also no obstacle. Its appeal was atavistic. For the *Book of Mormon* gave to the barely rooted settlers in the New World, the new past they must have longed for, American ancestors, on the continent itself, dating back to Adam; and the gold plates gave life to the perennial myth of buried treasure. Once a religion gets going it is soon likely to tap the sources of the primitive.

But what explains the growth and strength of Mormonism? A new book by Ray B. West, himself of Mormon upbringing, though mysteriously lapsed from the faith, suggests one or two answers. *Kingdom of the Saints** is a serious, sympathetic and critical study, done without irony. He disapproves of it; but even if we accept William James on *The Variety of Religious Experience*, there is no need for us to plunge into what he called the ocean of sentiment or, indeed, into the racial unconscious, without some sort of lifebelt. On the subject of the fantastic Mormon theology and the imagination it discloses, Mr West is disappointing. Perhaps it embarrasses him. *Some* comparative religion, *some* anthropology are surely required in a study like this? It is no good telling us that a revelation is not ludicrous, dangerous, etc., etc., just because tens of thousands accepted it. Millions read Hitler. Even where Mormonism is strongest – in its social contribution – more reserve is needed. It is to their credit that the Mormons founded a distinctly literate society, which has distinguished itself in science, education, finance and administration; but they are not exceptional among Puritans in these achievements. It is more searching to ask whether Mormonism nourishes genius, whether it has created an original culture, what it has given to the arts and to humanity. I fear it is a religion of self-regarding adepts. Sooner or later, the 'World' becomes stronger than the sanctified; they are obliged to compromise; for in the end, the 'World' has all the gifts because it has all the temptations; it does not sacrifice itself to the mere utility of uprightness. One of the redeeming features of early Mormonism is Joseph Smith's touch of levity, his gambling instinct, his romancing, his liability to get into 'trouble'. As a prophet he has a touch of the disreputable character of the artist, and some critics have regarded *The Book of Mormon* as a promising work of fiction from an inexperienced pen.

If Mr West is too mildly uncritical, he answers one question straight away. Mormonism became a force because it formed part of the national force. It was imbued with the spirit that opened up the American West. Even those who have made fun of the Mormons have recognised this when they portray Brigham Young as the hero of a tall story, as a Mike Fink or a Davy Crockett. With his twenty-seven wives and his huge family, the travelling patriarch was very much a man. His loyalty to Smith and his shrewd, imperturbable knowledge of the conduct of power, are remarkable qualities in a man who was a simple carpenter. A peculiar religion with a grotesque theology may be a sufficient education for all the subtleties of government and persuasion. Mormonism was a consolidating force rather than an aberration, in Mr West's opinion:

> the struggle against fragmentation and isolation in a society on the verge of change; the progressivism, pragmatism, relativism in the frontier, which had, somehow, to be fashioned into a systematic whole; the rationalism and native superstition which demanded some kind of reconciliation . . . . The Mormons were part and parcel of this struggle to mould some kind of national character out of the fragmentary stuff that was American life.

The idea of Manifest Destiny meant not only a ticket to a sort of Mohammedan heaven, earned by the hoe rather than the sword; but title deeds to fertile land. The early Mormon society was a manual worker's society; a bishop had to dig, unpaid, with the rest; a doctor was refused unless he would work with the spade like everyone else. The famous fancy women of other migrations were replaced by those who could darn and cook. As for 'revelation' and supernatural intuitions, Mr West reminds us that men alone in savage nature, and frightened, are liable to them. It was when he was alone and afraid that Robinson Crusoe, the most unimaginative man on earth, saw the Devil. If he had had neighbours to run to, he would have sworn that he had seen God. The Mormon leaders were cool, as a rule, to outbursts of revelation; they had seen its excesses earlier in their history. They were more concerned with organising an autocratic theocracy. Smith dreamed of it and was martyred; Young created it and led his followers across a continent.

Mr West tells the famous story well, disentangling it from the myths and the calumnies. A vivid future of the opening up of the West and of the condition of America is brought to us. The story is heroic, violent, horrible, for the idyll of the good husbandman rests precariously between the provocations of the Mormon fanatics and the savageries of that perennial American sport: the witch hunt. (The Mormons have become acceptable because they are now a standard product.) The whole story is a Western. In this atmosphere, the sect became proud, devious and cunning in the face of the world; occasionally vengeful.

About polygamy they had always been evasive, often denying or splitting hairs. It became a major, constitutional issue. Abraham Lincoln thought the Mormons had a perfect legal right to be polygamous and one might argue that a transfigured polygamy has today a strong support in the United States; the Mormons were simply too prosaic and primitive. Even after the prohibition in 1890, polygamous Mormon families survived to the number of 500 in the state of Utah; and if Mormons oppose the practice now, it may be because it has become unnecessary as a doctrine. Mr West says that polygamy may have been preached by Smith and organised by Young for their personal satisfaction at first, but that other more powerful reasons must lie behind its general adoption. The theology of the Mormons is permeated by the sense of the sexual relation. The religion is pantheistic. The natural is God and the pioneers regarded themselves, idealistically, as 'children of Nature'. But the American character is also pragmatic. Young encouraged polygamy in order to protect widows and the unmarried in the dangers of the march. It is typically Puritan that the motives were duty and responsibility, not voluptuousness. If the women were enslaved they were no more enslaved than the men. Visitors reported that the young girls looked morose – the community was not often gay, though the theatre and dancing were encouraged – but that the old women looked wonderfully happy.

Mormons who can remember polygamous households differ violently in their opinions on the subject now. Mr West says:

> Some recall bitter feuds between the families of surviving wives over rights and inheritances. They recall 'It was the blackest day of mother's life when Father married Aunt Sue'. (It was the custom for children to refer to their father's 'other' wives as 'Aunt'.) Or they report that all the years they lived in a polygamous household, they never heard one cross word spoken by one wife to another. 'I remember Aunt Sue,' they may say, 'she was almost as much a mother to me as my own mother was.'

'Celestial marriage' seems to have worked better than romantic love. Mr West drily adds that polygamy merely increased the hazards known to monogamy and that the Mormons were used to suffering.

New religions are like minestrone: they require a little bit of everything. Nothing must be thrown away, for who knows what the next

* *Kingdom of the Saints*. By RAY B. WEST. *Cape*. 30s.

stirring of the unconscious will send up to the surface. Richard Burton's account of Mormon belief (1859) is a good definition, besides being a good deal more readable than the utterances of their own leaders. Burton wrote, in *The City of the Saints*:

> The Mormons are like the Pythagoreans in their procreation, transmigration and exaltation of souls; like the followers of Leucippus and Democritus in their atomic materialism; like the Epicureans in their pure atomic theories, their *summum bonum*, and their sensuous speculations; and like the Platonists and Gnostics in their belief of the Aeon, of ideas, and of moving principles in element. They are fetichist in their ghostly fantasies, their *evestra*, which became souls and spirits. They are Jews in their theocracy, their ideas of angels, their hatred of Gentiles, and their utter segregation from their great brotherhood of mankind. They are Christians inasmuch as they base their faith upon the Bible, and hold to the Divinity of Christ, the fall of man and the regeneration. They are Arians inasmuch as they hold Christ to be 'the first of God's creatures', a 'perfect creature, but still a creature'. They are Moslems in their views of the inferior status of womankind, in their polygamy and in their resurrection of the material body; like the followers of the Arabian prophet, they hardly fear death because they have elaborated 'continuation'. They take no leap in the dark; they spring from this sublunary stage into a known, not into an unknown world.

'They take no leap in the dark': that phrase says almost everything about them.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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The farms are stinking craters in
Sheer sides under the sodden moors;
When it is not wind it is rain,
Neither of which will stop at doors:
One will damp beds and the other shake
Dreams beneath sleep it cannot break.

Between the weather and the rock
Farmers make a litle heat;
Cows that sway a bony back,
Pigs upon delicate feet
Hold off the sky, trample the strength
That shall level these hills at length.

Buttoned from the blowing mist
Walk the ridges of ruined stone;
What humbles these hills has raised
The arrogance of blood and bone,
And thrown the hawk upon the wind,
And lit the fox in the dripping ground.

TED HUGHES

A Botheration Among Novelists

Henry James and H. G. Wells. Edited by LEON EDEL and GORDON N. RAY. *Hart-Davis.* 21*s.*

Here are all the documents in the case of the sad, comic, touching relationship between the old master and the increasingly angry young man: as many of the letters between them as have survived – far more of James's than Wells's, and at much greater length – Wells's essay on the contemporary novel, James's famous *Times Literary Supplement* article 'The Younger Generation', Wells's afterthoughts on the whole affair as recorded in *Experiment in Autobiography*, and the fatal unforgivable chapter from *Boon*. James comes out of it with enormous pathetic dignity, Wells as – Wells.

The fascination of the story lies, of course, in the contrast between the two men. Professor Edel and Professor Ray, in their magisterial introduction, are surely right to dismiss out of hand Mr Michael Swan's suggestion that Wells's revolt against James was in the nature of a revolt against a father-figure; one doesn't have to go to Freud to see that a rupture between them was inevitable. Wells himself gives the clue to their relationship in his autobiography: 'I bothered him and he bothered me. We were at cross purposes based . . . on very fundamental differences, not only of temperament but of training'. By the time they had hardened into their respective positions, each must have seen in the other's practice of their common craft a radical criticism of his own attitude towards it, the more disturbing precisely because it came from the man it did. It would doubtless be going too far to say that even in Henry James there was an H. G. Wells struggling to get out, but the fact remains that in his time James had written *The Bostonians* and *The Princess Casamassima*, novels in which there is implicit a line of development which he did not take, one which would have brought him much closer to Wells. And though Wells was to exalt the name of journalist above that of novelist, in his early days at the turn of the century he too had worried about the art of the novel with Conrad and Crane and Bennett.

But James's position, as the older man's, had hardened first, and he saw Wells as a brand to be plucked from the burning. He wooed him assiduously, and no great novelist can ever have praised a younger contemporary more generously or with more delight: 'You are magnificent,' he writes of *The Time Machine*. 'I am beastly critical – but you are in a still higher degree wonderful.' Almost one feels he is seduced:

> Your big feeling for life, your capacity for chewing up the thickness of the world in such enormous mouthfuls, while you fairly slobber, so to speak, with the multitudinous taste – this constitutes for me a rare and wonderful and admirable exhibition, on your part, in itself, so that one should doubtless frankly ask one's self what the devil, in the way of effect and evocation and general demonic activity, one wants more.

But of course he does want more; and he goes on, his theme being *The New Machiavelli:*

> There is, to my vision, no authentic, and no really interesting and no *beautiful*, report of things on the novelist's, the painter's part, unless a particular detachment has operated, unless the great stewpot or crucible of the imagination, of the observant and recording and interpreting mind in short, has intervened and played its part – and this detachment, this chemical transmutation for the aesthetic, the representational, end is terribly wanting in autobiography brought, as the horrible phrase is, up to date. That's my main 'criticism' on the *N.M.* . . .

Wells takes it beautifully:

> . . . here at last comes the meagre apology for a response to the most illuminating of comments. So far as it is loving chastisement I think I wholly agree and kiss the rod. You put your sense of the turbid confusion, the strain and violence of my book so beautifully that they almost seem merits. But oh! some day when I'm settled-er if ever, I will do better.

That was in 1911; and there must have been times in the past when James's criticisms, no matter how blandly masked in Oriental politeness, had severely tried the patience of a naturally impatient and prickly man. There was, for example, James's suggestion, still preposterous even if not seriously meant, that they should collaborate, James to be 'put in possession of your work in its occult and pre-Pinkerite state. Then I should take it up and give it the benefit of my vision'.

Looking back on the whole affair twenty years later, Wells wrote: 'I had a queer feeling that we were both incompatibly right'. So they were. In 1911 Wells wrote his essay 'The Contemporary Novel', an admirable statement of the case for the discursive English novel as it has come down to us from Fielding. Three years later, James wrote 'The Younger Generation'. It is not one of his happiest essays in criticism: it shows his prose at its least defensibly convoluted and himself, in the notorious *gaffe* about Lawrence, the least percipient of literary tipsters. Wells, with Bennett, bears the full force of James's attack. A year later, anonymously, Wells published *Boon*, with its extraordinarily cruel onslaught on James and the famous image of him as the 'magnificent but painful hippopotamus resolved at any cost upon picking up a pea'. The whole chapter is funny and unfair with the unfairness, it strikes one now, of one who dares not be fair.

Wells left a copy of *Boon* for James at the Reform. James's letter in response is a masterpiece, and if today one finds oneself taking James's side it is because he was so obviously the more vulnerable of the two. Wells behaved like a cad; or rather, one could say that if he hadn't, as it were, opted out of the world in which such words apply. In his last shame-faced letter to James, he says: 'I have set before me a gamin-esque ideal, I have a natural horror of

dignity, finish and perfection'. The next sentence is surely very significant: 'You may take it that my sparring and punching is very much due to the feeling . . . that if I was not very careful I should find myself giving way altogether to respect'. He goes on to say: 'I had rather be called a journalist than an artist'. One sees now that writing *Boon* was a desperate act. It was as though he had to kill publicly that part of himself that James and James's notion of the novel stood for before he could bring himself to run up the Jolly Roger of journalism.

WALTER ALLEN

Under Two Tyrants

Spain. Photographs by MICHAEL WOLGENSINGER. *Rocklift.* 35*s.*

The Cathedrals of Spain. By JOHN HARVEY. *Batsford.* 35*s.*

A Fortnight in Andalusia. By GORDON COOPER. *Percival Marshall.* 5*s.*

Costa Brava on £25. By L. COLAM. *Muller.* 6*s.*

Portuguese Panorama. By IRIS MERLE. *Ouzel Press.* 18*s.*

Monotonous food, wretched communications, the visible agonies of a regime which grows worse, not better—even so, Spain has more to offer the run-of-the-mill tourist than any other country in Europe. Nowhere else are the strangeness and mystery of life so sharply silhouetted, in the visitor's eye, against the drab background of his ordinary existence. Spanish people do ordinary things, but they somehow make them seem exciting and tragic. It is this elusive quality which Michael Wolgensinger has captured in his brilliant album, first published in Switzerland and now available here. With its 230 photographs, superbly edited and printed, it re-creates Spain down to the last grimy wrinkle on the cheek of an old pig-woman in Castille; and at 35*s.* it is good value these days. John Harvey has been less well-served by his photographers; but his *Cathedrals of Spain* is likely to become a standard work none the less. All fifty-nine of them are described in detail and illustrated with ground-plans, and though Harvey is not an easy man to read, his new book—he has already covered English cathedrals—will fascinate highbrow tourists as well as art-historians.

By contrast, two 'practical' travel-books on Spain, neither very satisfactory. Mr Cooper covers Andalusia and seems a sensible man: he picks the right hotels and the right towns to visit. But for the compiler of a simple guide for unsophisticated tourists he is a little inclined to play down the obvious attractions. Fiestas, bull-fights, gypsy flamenca—they may bore him, but after all, they are what brings most people to Andalusia, and he might have been more forthcoming in practical information about them. In this respect, Mr Colam, though a bit old-maidish in his concern with colitis and other traps for the unwary English, is more thorough. But even he omits one important subject: the weather. The Costa Brava has as good scenery and bathing as the Riviera, its hotels are better and its prices (even today) much lower. But its weather is far more treacherous, and a good guide, using meteorological statistics, should provide reliable advice on when to go there.

Portugal is Spain's serious-minded, and duller, younger brother. The best part is the Douro Valley, with its sad and austere city of Oporto. Miss Merle has followed the grapes as they travel down to the sea, and her happy knack of getting to know simple people almost (but not quite) makes me forgive her admiration for Salazar. At 18*s.*, her book may seem good value, for it has over 100 photographs. By no means all of them, however, are worth publishing, and much the same could be said for the text. Her title, too, has been used before—for a much better book by Oswald Blakeston, which to its credit is banned in Lisbon.

PAUL JOHNSON

New Short Stories

Two by Two. By MARTHA GELLHORN. *Longmans.* 16*s.*

Able Baker. By JOSEPH WHITEHILL. *Bodley Head.* 15*s.*

Ways of Sunlight. By SAMUEL SELVON. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15*s.*

Miss Gellhorn's title implies that these four admirable stories—I would call them 'novelettes' were the term not absurdly debased—are about marriage. So they are. There is no deception. But the spy from Outer Space who hooks the book from the stall on the point of a cosmic ray with the idea of finding out how the earthmen are operating this institution nowadays, will be happy to discover that although each of these tales is concerned with a profoundly and vividly particularised relationship, each offers more than his spy ring perhaps hoped for: an authentic smell, that is, of mid-century earth-life in general. The aroma is bitter but astringent. For Miss Gellhorn is entertaining without being relaxing. She can communicate the eerie sadness or horror of a situation, the claustrophobia of an apparently blind alley, and still despise despair; her writing draws a sharp and necessary line between melancholy and melancholia.

How strange and stupid it is that the term 'competent', applied to craftsmanship, should have become one of very chilly praise, even of mild contempt. Competent to do what, may one just inquire? In Miss Gellhorn's case, competent, for instance, to turn a potential cliché—*e.g.*, impingement of war, Germans, G.I. Joes, and peace upon lives of European aristocrats in Italian castle—into a story twisted taut with emotional suspense, in which 'stock' characters jump into life and movement, and engage our sympathy with a sentence, a gesture, a sudden flare of comprehension or dismay. Competent, too, to paint into a tragi-satirical satire on English high-politicking, an exquisitely moving picture of small children; or, in the third of these stories, to flash a torch into a New York mantrap of disease, money and love.

The last story, and the finest, has for its central character the scarcely disguised figure of Capa, the world-famous photographer who was killed a few years ago in a Far Eastern jungle. To evoke and make credible, as it were, that strange portent of our time, must seem, to those who knew him, an immense achievement. Miss Gellhorn does more than that, for here the figure of 'Bara' becomes, like his own camera, an instrument for evoking a world in which the dominating characters are not single human beings but rather Madrid under siege, bombed London, Belsen, and the troubled mob of the survivors.

Mr Joseph Whitehill was barely eight years old when the Fascists were attacking Madrid and a lad of 17 in the Middle West when the first atom bomb exploded. But the spectres of World War III and of a neo-Fascism *à l'Américaine*

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WATTS

Company Meeting

National Overseas & Grindlays Bank Ltd.

The annual general meeting of the National Overseas and Grindlays Bank Limited will be held on 1 April in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated Statement of the Chairman, Mr. J. K. Michie:—

The physical amalgamation of the National Bank of India Ltd and Grindlays Bank Ltd into the National Overseas & Grindlays Bank Ltd took effect from 1 Jan., 1958. Despite the enormous amount of detailed work involved, thanks to the organising ability of those specially seconded to the task and to the co-operation of the staffs of both Banks, the fusion was accomplished wonderfully smoothly and I hope without inconvenience to our customers. In a complex operation of this kind to foresee and anticipate every difficulty would be superhuman but I am satisfied that any outstanding problems would be disposed of with the sympathy and understanding which were the keynotes of the whole operation.

Turning to figures, the total of our Consolidated Balance-Sheet at £162,105,220 shows a small reduction and our net profit is £5,345 lower at £427,490. As usual this figure is arrived at after full provisions for taxation, for bad and doubtful debts and other necessary reservations. Two interim dividends each of 7½ per cent have been declared making a total unchanged distribution of 15 per cent.

It is impossible to foresee other than a difficult year for commerce, industry and their handmaiden banking but that is no justification for pessimism and I look forward, albeit not immediately, to a resumption of progress.

Krushchev Writes Again

Previous letters in the Russell/Krushchev/Dulles correspondence appeared in the New Statesman of 23 November, 21 December and 8 February last. Extra copies of these issues are available, price 1s. each post free, from the Publisher, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1.

are horribly visible on his horizon. His attitude, singularly simple and direct in a young American of today, does not emerge fully in the four stories of *Able Baker*, elderly mechant ship's engineer, which give their title to the book. I do not myself find these stories remarkable except – an important qualification in these days – for a rare and tender gentleness towards the good-hearted and the bewildered, and a hearty dislike and contempt for callousness in thought and action. But in several of the other stories it becomes encouragingly explicit.

Lastly, we have Mr Selvon's collection. Here are 19 stories, all memorable and some truly wonderful. The first nine are about life in Trinidad, the rest about the life of West Indians in London. The arrangement is purposeful, putting all these shining pieces into a coherent and illuminating single pattern. For whether we are reading of two night club performers with crackling nerves in a Paddington basement, or the curse of Moko in Ladbroke Grove, or the sad and funny relations of bus conductors and ticket-collectors on the Underground with the Almighty in the shape of 'LT', we see them not, partially, as coloured men in London, but wholly – as men expelled to London from deadly economic deserts of the West Indies.

In a number of his stories Mr Selvon writes in what the Irish song calls 'a language that the English do not know'; the language which the West Indians have evolved out of conventional English – certainly not a dialect, still less 'pidgin'. Its charm recalls the charm of genuine 'Pennsylvania Dutch'. By committing this language – experimentally – to paper, Mr Selvon produces results often as exhilarating as was J. M. Synge's earlier discovery of the richness and poetry of 'Anglo-Irish'.

A discovery like this could run away with a writer. Mr Selvon resists the temptation, keeps a firm grip on his own (in the non-sectarian meaning of the term), 'Social realism'. His narrator sums it up in words which are worth quoting from the final, lyrical story:

> Each return to the city is loaded with thought, so that by the time I take the Inner Circle I am as light as air. At last I think I know what it is all about. I move around in a world of words. Everything that happens is words. But pure expression is nothing. One must build on the things that happen; it is insufficient to say I sat in the underground and the train hurtled through the darkness and someone isn't using Amplex. So what? So now I weave. . . .

Mr Selvon is a great weaver.

CLAUD COCKBURN

Week-end Competition

No. 1,463 **Set by Comus**

Among the amenities of the USSR, we learn, are sobering-up stations where people who have had too much to drink are brought for a bath, coffee, and a sleep. Competitors are invited to submit a Jolly Song of a Sobering-Up Station. Limit 16 lines: entries by March 25.

Result of No. 1,460 **Set by Pluto**

Mr Graham Greene has introduced us to the Whisky Priest; Mr Kenneth Tynan has countered with the Whisky Critic; competitors are invited to give an extract from the soliloquy of a Whisky Marxist, a Whisky Rationalist, a Whisky Analyst, a Whisky Zen, a Whisky Petitioner, a Whisky Vegetarian, or a Whisky Angry. Limit 150 words of prose.

Report

The chief mark of the Whisky Man is to cling to his duties in spite of the drink and to look back on every lapse in anguish of soul. But there wasn't much anguish in this entry. Nor had the characters been shocked into whisky, like Mr Greene's priest or Mr Tynan's critic: they soliloquised away like a barful of uncomplicated old soaks. However, A. W. Dicker's Rationalist had a note of genuine frenzy –

> Nothing to worry about – I can still say 'categorical imperative'. Another dose of reality then. Now everything is becoming more real than before – in fact I can see two bottles –

– and Guy Hadley's Marxist looked back with guilt to the pure milk of dialectical materialism –

> Public ownership of the means of production, distillation and intoxication, that's my motto . . . But still true to Karl, in my fashion: 'To each according to his capacity'.

Two guineas each to Hilary, J. R. Till and Jeremy Kingston.

THE WHISKY VEGETARIAN

'Faith?' He savoured the word like one of his own spring onions. 'God knows, I've had temptation enough. Hot dogs in windy stadiums. Old Boys' Reunions where a first-rate steak might have buried our mutual shame for our second-rate school. . . . No, if I've any faith left, it's thanks –' and here he stroked the jutting smoothness of his hip pocket, 'it's thanks to little Johnnie here.' He smiled, hoping to trap an answering smile of complicity. But no such reinforcement came, and when he went on his voice had resorted to the fervent truculence of the street-corner evangelist. 'Thank you, Johnnie Walker, for the square meal in the round of drinks. Thank you –' and now his voice took on a distinctly hysterical note, 'thank you for the blessed bleary vision that makes nut-steaks fillets of veal, and a Sunday joint from a soya bean cutlet.'

HILARY

THE WHISKY ANALYST

No good. No goo – better confess Father Sigmund. But wouldn't he, wouldn't he, wouldn't he recognise classical symptoms repetition compulsion emulsion expulsion? Suppose Father S. or own Super-Ego demoted me analyse dogs instead people. Fidolibido! From your kennel, sir, to my couch! That's right – but less lip, please, and a little more Id. Don't forget the analyst! What's that, sir – the transfer's begun already? Capital! If it doesn't sound Irish, I always knew you were British. Mind your tail in the Scotch, sir.

J. R. TILL

THE WHISKY ANGRY

(Scene: an expensive flat. Prominently displayed are LPs of Vaughan Williams and bound copies of *The Sunday Times* and *Observer*. A bear. A squirrel.)

WHISKY ANGRY (*incredulously*): – Wilson? But it must be thirty years . . . (*at bookshelves*). Let me see – Hastings – Holroyd – Hopkins . . . (*brings out whisky*). Well, Angus – (*looks closely*). No . . . (*recognises him*). Colin! . . . (*long pause offers whisky, drinks whisky*). You've come about – ? . . . What do you remember? That I was unknown, that I became famous? No more?

. . . . Look around! That photograph of Claypit Lane! That little bear – (*brokenly*) – leaking sawdust . . . (*in a whisper*) that squirrel. . . . I still keep them but do they mean anything to me now? Oh, they did once, yes. I was the genuine Angry. Any number of things would make me – (*searches for forgotten word*). And then . . . (*pause*) – I lost my anger, you see. That's all. One day, as I saw the press cuttings flood into the album – my anger (*pause*) went. . . .

(. . . Eventually visitor falls on his knees before squirrel. Whisky Angry suddenly remembers the word 'puke' and goes out, waving Fortnum and Mason chocolate box, anger restored. . . .)

JEREMY KINGSTON

City Lights

Winds of March

London is still nervously aping Wall Street, and Wall Street has been remarkably cheerful. It is difficult to say precisely why. Unemployment rose to almost 5¼m in America last month. The recovery in orders reported by some key industries—steel, machine tools and even motor cars—has so far been much too slight and ambiguous to build hopes upon. The latest cut in discount rates will have even less effect than usual while companies are busily borrowing to pay the taxes due this weekend. Yet a little cheerfulness, however irrational, can go a long way. The conviction seems to be growing that Congress, brushing aside the Under Secretary of Commerce's reference to 'this little lull we are having', will soon force action on the Administration; the Democrats, not waiting for the President, are already initiating legislation to extend the period of eligibility for unemployment relief. March, it is agreed, is the critical month. Unless the March returns show a sharp fall in unemployment, financial prudence will be thrown out of the window and Congress will insist on immediate action.

* * *

The steel industry, apart from doing its bit towards the boom in press advertising, is thinking hard about nationalisation. Arthur Lee, the Sheffield firm, has had the bright idea of forming a new company to hold its gilt-edged and trade investments, getting a Stock Exchange quotation for the new company's shares and distributing them to its own shareholders. It is the steel industry which is to be nationalised, the argument runs, not the steel companies, and investors need not risk a loss on that part of their money which is not directly invested in steel. The Lee operation is on a small scale. It remains to be seen whether the large companies will take similar action to separate their steel from all their non-steel assets.

One trouble, of course, is that nobody knows on what terms nationalisation will take place. Nobody knows, for example, whether shares will be acquired at market values or at the denationalisation price. South Durham Steel and Iron, whose chairman has boldly declared himself for the stalwarts rather than for the fainthearts in the anti-nationalisation campaign, needs to raise £8m to complete the financing of its £57m expansion programme.

* * *

Companies are helping out governments all over the place. Royal Dutch's recent issue brought the company a flood of dollars from American investors. These dollars pushed up Holland's exchange reserves and enabled the government to licence commodity deals in convertible currencies. Royal Dutch then decided that it would invest part of its spare cash in London for the moment, and its decision was a major factor in the record surplus which Britain earned last month with the European Payments Union, a phenomenon which can be seen in perspective when one recalls that the net assets of the Royal Dutch/Shell group, of course, are half as large again as the gold and dollar reserve of the sterling area.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 435. Blemishes and Beauty-Aids

It is all very well for women to hide or cure almost any blemish of their figures or complexions by availing themselves of the art of *haute couture* and the science of cosmetics. Alas, it isn't all that easy for a problemist or study-composer to get some wrinkles out of an otherwise unblemished beauty, let alone save it when a serious blemish, such as a dual solution, has been discovered. And well I know it since our own valiant cook-hunters have been on the prowl again, internationally famed *kraftlösers*, as one of their many victims, Paul Heuäcker, dubbed them years ago. Whether or not their new claims are indisputable (and the blemishes incurable) is now being investigated; and meanwhile I am glad to report that at least one complete cure has been happily effected, thereby saving a very beautiful and celebrated endgame study from extinction. It is one of A. S. Gurvitch's 1st prizewinners (*Izvestia*, 1928). Here it is in its original form. /8/1K4b 1/3k4/8/1P1Kt3kt/8/6BKt/8/.

When the study appeared in this column four years ago, many readers were delighted with the author's solution, (1) Kt-Kt5 ch, K-K4; (2) B-R1, B-B1; (3) Kt-R7, B x P; (4) Kt-B6 ch, K-B5; (5) Kt x B, K-Kt6; (6) Kt-B1 ch, K-B7; (7) Kt-Q2, Kt-Kt7; (8) Kt-Q3 ch, K-Kt8; (9) Kt-B3 ch, K x B; (10) Kt-B2 mate. Alas, it was discovered that the win can also be achieved by both (2) B-B6 and (2) B-B1, and the discoverer was no lesser expert than André Chéron (who has honoured us by accepting jury service for our own forthcoming study competition). But Chéron was not content to kill, he set out to cure; and he succeeded in saving the beautiful basic idea of Gurvitch's piece by this amended version. I have space for the main variation only. (1) B-R1!, B-Q7; (2) Kt-R7, B x P; (3) Kt-B6 ch, K-B5; (4) Kt x B etc. A happy end, to be sure, but I have some sad news too. It concerns a Reti-study which ever since 1923 was considered one of the gems of chess literature. /32/5p2/R6B/1K2p3/3k4. Most readers of this column will remember the author's brilliant solution (1) R-Q3 ch, K-K8; (2) R-KB3, K-Q8; (3) B-Kt4, P = Q; (4) R-Q3 mate, as well as the equally ingenious subvariations, but now Paul Michel (*Österreichische Schachzeitung*) has found a more pedestrian but none the less effective win: (1) B-Kt4, K-Q7; (2) B x P, K x B; (3) K-B1! P-B6; (4) R-R2 ch, K-K3; (5) R-R8, P-B7; (6) R-K8 ch etc.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position forced by White in a few moves. **B**, a win, is vintage Reti too, quite unblemished and not too difficult for 6 ladder-points if I whisper the helpful hint *zugzwang*. **C** (for 7 points) is a draw, and quite a beauty too. Usual prizes. Entries by 24 March.

A: Richard Reti 1924

B: Richard Reti 1922

C: V. Kivi 1934

REPORT on No. 432. Set 22 February

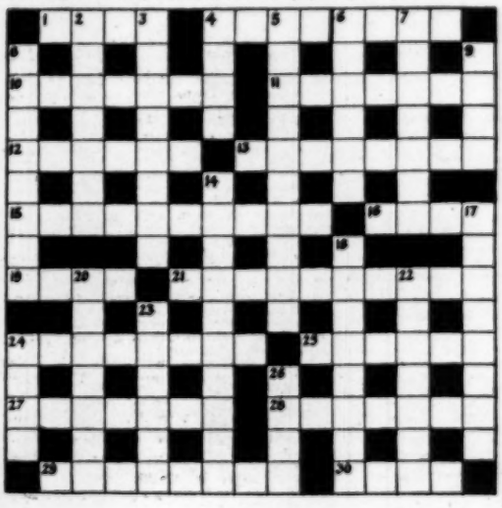
A: (11) . . . Q-R4 ch; (12) K-K2, QxB!; (13) resigns
B: (1) R-B5!, B-Kt3 (best); (2) P = Q, BxQ; (3) K-K3, B-Kt2; (4) R-Kt5!, B-R3 etc
C: (1) Q-Q5; (2) Q-KKt5; (3) B-Q5 ch; (4) Kt-R4; (5) Q-B6; (6) B-Kt2; (7) 0-0; (8) B-R1, P-R7 mate

Many flawless entries. Alternative solutions for C rate full marks. Prizes: G. Abraham, L. G. Buxton, G. Roblin, M. Rumney, M. B. Yeats.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 294

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 294, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 25 Mar.



ACROSS

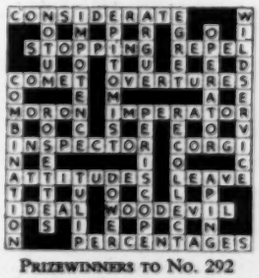
1. Surface matter caught in toto (4).
4. The uniform charge gives the librarian a sort of treat (4, 4).
10. Forwards although pulled in thus backwards (7).
11. Gad about as in riotous parties (7).
12. Figure to make the ex-schoolboy yearn (6).
13. There is nothing off in my lack of variety (8).
15. Extremely fast although there is no mistake about a well-bred individual (10).
16. A jail-bird returned for the party (4).
19. Writing material for a star (4).
21. Take the ship out into the open for someone who was wrecked and drowned (10).
24. He has music on a roll (8).
25. Animal which has to relax internally (6).
27. Book which starts with nothing evil (7).
28. Express approval of a star in the end of a scene (7).
29. Momentary sights show that legs are broken without evil spirits (8).
30. Acts as females (4).

DOWN

2. Something in the field to intimidate the fielder (7).
3. Marries an indefinite number dressed up as sailors (8).
4. Immovable but quickly moving (4).
5. It must be authentic because the writer is the editor too (10).
6. Argue about a child (6).
7. If the number were changed the foodstuff would turn into a piece of music (7).
8. The deficit in a nationalised industry is enormous (8).
9. Size of paper for a scholar (4).
14. They are as illuminating as a politician with some clues (10).
17. Hero who is as a peak amid the stars (8).
18. 'If any, speak; for him have I—— '(*J. Caesar*) (8).
20. An important indisposition for a lady's-maid (7).
22. Save up for a deputy (7).
23. Latin for the court (6).
24. A cat is something from which energy may be derived (4).
26. The animals walk up (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 292



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 292

M. D. Buchalter (Blackrock), Mrs K. Bazell (Bracknell), F. Bassett (London, NW6)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

EAST AFRICA HIGH COMMISSION

STATISTICIANS, EAST AFRICAN STATISTICAL DEPARTMENT

Candidates should possess or obtain this summer a good Honours degree, preferably in Economics with Statistics as a main subject. The latter is not essential provided that Statistics has been included in the degree course and the candidate has a good knowledge of statistical methods and the handling of statistical data. Experience desirable of work in a government or commercial statistical organisation or post graduate research in economic analyses or statistical surveys. Age limit 40. Appointment may be pensionable or on contract terms, inclusive salary scale £939 – £1,863, point of entry determined by experience. Gratuity of 13⅓% of salary if appointment is on contract. Income tax at local rates. Free passages on first appointment and on leave for officer and family. Liberal home leave on full salary. Government quarters, when available, at moderate rental. Application forms and further particulars from Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith Street, London, SW1; reference BCD 59/88/02.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA

Applications are invited for the following posts:—

(i) Assistant Lectureship in Modern History. Candidates should have qualifications in International History in the 19th and 20th Centuries.

(ii) Either an Assistant Lectureship or a Lectureship in Government.

(iii) Assistant Lectureship in Economic Geography.

Salary scales, according to age, qualifications and experience:

Assistant Lectureship: £700×£50 to £850 per annum.

Lectureship: £900×£50 to £1,350×£75 to £1,650 per annum.

FSSU benefits and family allowances. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, to whom applications (six copies) must be sent by March 29 1958.

SOUTH SHIELDS EDUCATION AUTHORITY
Grammar-Technical School for Girls

Applications are invited from well-qualified specialists for the following posts from September, 1958

1. Head of the Modern Languages Department, to organise the Department and to teach French throughout the School up to and including University Scholarship. Head of Department, Grade C Allowance, £275, available for suitably qualified candidate.

2. Mistress (one of three) to share in the teaching of Domestic Subjects (including Needlework) throughout the School. The School has good facilities, having three well-equipped kitchens and a small flat.

3. Master or Mistress to teach Geography mainly. Please state subsidiary subjects.

Application forms, obtainable from the Director of Education, Education Office, Westoe Village, South Shields, should be returned not later than 20 March, 1958.

A. J. W. JEFFERY,
Director of Education.

If you've an instinct for the Voice of Fate,
And know precisely what Time's forelock's for;
Then telephone us NOW and make a date:
THIS IS ST STEPHEN'S KNOCKING AT THE DOOR!

. . . and, if you have all the secretarial accomplishments pat, we can offer you an excellent choice of posts at starting salaries of £550/600, and all the opportunities an ambitious girl could desire. THE ST STEPHEN'S SECRETARIAT, 3/4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2; 2 Broad Street Place, EC2; 361 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited for a post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Economic Statistics to begin duties on 1 October 1958. An application from a candidate who expects to graduate in 1958, or from an economic theorist prepared to make economic statistics his main interest will be considered. Salary scales: Lecturer – £900×50 – 1,350×75 – 1,650; Assistant Lecturer – £700×50 – 850, with FSSU provision and family allowance. Initial salary on either scale according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications (4 copies), including the names and addresses of three referees, should be sent by 9 April 1958.

CENTRAL Office of Information: The Social Survey Division require Assistant Information Officer (unestablished), to carry out field training of interviewers and supervise field work under guidance. Applicants must have experience of interviewing on a wide range of survey enquiries or hold a suitable qualification in social work or social research field and be fully mobile and free to travel to any part of the country at short notice. Salary according to age, quals, and exp. rising to £1,050 (men); £979 (women). Write giving details of age, education and experience to Manager, Ministry of Labour & National Service, Professional and Executive Register, Atlantic House, Farringdon Street, London, EC4, quoting P.E.422. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in History in the Department of History and Political Science; applicants should have an Honours degree in History. Special qualifications in English and European 16th and 17th century History would be an advantage but are not essential. The salary attached to the position will be at the rate of £1,025 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,275 per annum. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in London and New Zealand, is 15 May 1958.

HOMERTON College, Cambridge. Applications are invited for the appointment of Lecturer in English Language and Literature from September 1958. Good Honours Degree and teaching experience required. Further particulars from the Secretary, to whom applins should be sent by 31 March.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited for an Assistant Lectureship in Social Anthropology. Salary scale £700×£50–£850 per annum, plus £60 London Allowance, with superannuation benefits and family allowances. In assessing the starting salary due consideration will be given to age and experience. Applications, with the names of three referees, should be received not later than 16 April 1958, by the Secretary, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, London WC2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. The Council of Victoria University of Wellington proposes shortly to appoint to the staff of the Regional Council of Adult Education a Tutor in Arts and Crafts, or alternatively, a Tutor in Arts or Crafts and invites applications from suitably qualified persons. It is intended to make one appointment only, either a Junior Tutor or a Senior Tutor, the status being determined according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Salary: Junior Tutor – £780 per annum rising by annual increments of £50 to £880 per annum; Senior Tutor – £1,025 per annum rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,275 per annum. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is 30 April, 1958.

AUSTRALIA – University of Adelaide. Applications are invited for appointment as Lecturer in Economic Development. Salary scale: £A1,420 – 90 – 2,050; with superannuation on the FSSU basis. Copies of the general conditions of appointment of sub-professorial staff in the University of Adelaide and of a statement for the information of potential candidates may be had on application to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, or to the Registrar. Any further information desired will be supplied on request. Candidates in the United Kingdom are invited to consult Professor P. H. Karmel who is at present at the Queen's University, Belfast. Applications, in duplicate and giving the information listed in the general conditions of appointment, should reach the Registrar, University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia, not later than 18 April, 1958.

THE University of Manchester. The University and the University Settlement invite applications from both men and women for the appointment of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Education and Play Centre Organiser. Salary per annum within the following ranges: Lecturer, £900-£1,650; Assistant Lecturer, £700-£850; initial salary and status according to qualifications and experience. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 31 March 1958 to the Registrar, The University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

WORKERS' Educational Association. East Midland District. Applications are invited for the post of Organiser in Derbyshire. University degree not essential. Salary scale £600×£25–£800. Particulars from: J. T. Rhodes, District Secretary, 16 Shakespeare Street, Nottingham.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. The Faculty will shortly proceed to appoint to a Fellowship for research in the general field of the location of industry. Salary £700-£1,100 p.a., according to qualifications and experience. The appointment will be for one year in the first instance, with the possibility of renewal annually for two subsequent years. A good Honours degree and training in economic research are essential; business experience would be an advantage. Applications, with the names of two or three referees, should be sent not later than 31 March 1958 to the Registrar, The University, Birmingham 15.

LONDON County Council. Educational Psychologist required to work as a member of a full clinic team at Earl's Court Child Guidance Unit. Duties include liaison with schools. Honours degree, clinical training and educational experience essential. Salary £890 – £1,185 (under review). Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Application forms, with full details from Education Officer (Estab. 2/B), The County Hall, London, SE1, must be returned by 28 March, 1958.

ASSISTANT Organiser Norwich Labour Party and Industrial Council. Appointment to be made in accordance with the terms of the National Agreement. Commencing salary £525 per annum. Application forms to be obtained from W. G. White, Secretary/Agent, Norwich Labour Party and Industrial Council, 59 Bethel Street, Norwich, to whom they must be returned by 29 March 1958.

GOVERNMENT Communications Headquarters. Pensionable posts for men and women at Cheltenham and London in several grades. The work is of a research nature requiring thorough knowledge of one or more foreign languages (other than the common European languages). Normally candidates should have a first- or second-class Honours degree, but applicants with sound educational background and of outstanding linguistic ability will also be considered. Men's salary scales (London) range from £470 to £1,450. Promotion prospects. Five-day week. Write Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting No. 4818/58/7. Closing date 31 March, 1958.

PROFESSIONAL librarians required for regional library, serving population of 85,000, with circulation in 1957 of 465,000. Persons with Bachelor's degree plus ALA or FLA preferred. Current starting salary $3,000.00-$3,480.00 per annum, rising to $4,200.00. Please write airgraph to the Regional Librarian, Vancouver Island Regional Library, Nanaimo, British Columbia, Canada.

THE British Society for Research in Agricultural Engineering requires Physicists or Engineers with experience or interest in heat transfer, electronics or light and radiation work. Candidates taking Finals in 1958 will be considered. Salary scale: £595-£1,050. F.S.S.U. superannuation. Application forms from Secretary NIAE, Wrest Park, Silsoe, Beds.

'DUNCROFT', Moor Lane, Staines, Middlesex (Approved School for Senior Girls). Applications are invited for the two following posts at the above school which accepts girls of good intelligence who are in need of psychiatric treatment. Needlework Instructress. Relief Instructress. Some domestic science experience and/or qualification desirable. Salary scales which include equal pay increments, according to qualifications and experience. Board and lodging is provided at a charge of £120 per annum. Letters of application to the Headmistress.

LONDON County Council. Post of Responsibility. Deputy Headship and Senior Master Posts. New Secondary School for Boys, Peckham Road, SE15. Headmaster Elect: J. H. Mathews, BA, BSc (Econ.). For 1,100 boys, to be formed in September, 1958, by amalgamation of Dovedale Manor (B) and Leo (B) Schools; will occupy buildings vacated by Peckham (G) School; four and five year courses, some leading to 'O' level and broad study of artistic crafts and light engineering. Required in September: (1) Deputy Head (£400); (2) Senior Master (£350 Grade D). Candidates should have organising experience and interest in whole field of secondary education and should state whether they are applying for either or both posts. Forms EO/TS10(SR) from and returnable to Divisional Officer, 83 Peckham Road, SE5. (340.)

RESIDENT Housemaster (single) reqd at Mile Oak (junior boys) Approved School, Portslade, Sussex. Ability to supervise leisure activities, hobbies, recreation, etc., essential. Prev. expce desirable. Salary within scale £512 10s. – £845 less £128 8s. for board, lodging and laundry. 8 wks annual leave. Details and applicn. form from Children's Officer (CH/G.1), County Hall, SE1. (406.)

YOUNG, stimulating, part-time teachers of English to foreigners, experienced in preparing Proficiency, Lower and Commercial exams., reqd morning, afternoon and evenings. Apply in writing giving availability and telephone number: Oversea Language Centre, 6a Princes St, London, W1.

HAMPSTEAD. The Town and Country School, 38 Eton Avenue, NW3. Thoroughly experienced Mistress (pref. Froebel) for Junior school, wanted in May or Sept.

CHILD Care. Resident Superintendent (temporary) required at Tudor Lodge Residential Nursery, Wimbledon Parkside, London, SW19, accommodating 44 children 0 to 5 years. Nursery recognised for training. Candidates must have a genuine understanding of and interest in the needs of young deprived children and be in full accord with the modern approach to child care. Nursing and/or Institutional Management qualifications desirable; previous experience essential. Salary (subject to review) within the scale £630×£22 10s. to £720, less £128 8s. per annum for board, lodging, etc. Six weeks' annual leave (including Bank Holidays). Comfortably furnished single accommodation. Apply Children's Officer (CH/WDO/258), County Hall, SE1.

TEACHER. Harmeny (Save the Children Fund) School for primary age maladjusted children, opening Spring, needs qualified teacher, preferably resident, prepared to play a full part in establishing this new venture. National Salary Scale. Apply Headmaster, Harmeny, Balerno, Midlothian.

COUNTY Borough of Derby. Education Committee. Educational Psychologist required. Salary £1,150 to £1,400 per annum (male); £1,075 15s. to £1,292 12s. (female), plus further 'equal pay' increments from 1 April, 1958. Previous experience may be taken into consideration in determining the point of entry into the scale. Honours degree in Psychology or equivalent required. Recognised clinical training, teaching experience and previous experience as Educational Psychologist in a Child Guidance Clinic desirable. Application forms may be obtained from the Director of Education, Education Office, Becket Street, Derby, to whom they should be returned as soon as possible.

JOINT Examination Board (British Orthopædic Association & Central Council for the Care of Cripples). Secretary required to be responsible for the administrative work connected with the Orthopædic Nursing Examinations of the Board. Secretarial qualifications essential and experience in committee work an advantage. Commencing salary £520 p.a. Luncheon vouchers. Applications, including the names of three referees, in writing, to Secretary, 34 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

HEMEL Hempstead Youth Club. Appointment of Leader. Applications are invited from men and women with experience and training in Youth Work for the full-time post of Youth Leader to the above club, which will be housed in a substantial building in the centre of Hemel Hempstead. The club will be a new project and the management committee is looking for a person with energy, enthusiasm and an interest in the youth problems of a new town, who is prepared to experiment with fresh approaches to young people. The salary offered will be within the range of £725-£900. Qualifications and experience will be taken into account in determining the initial salary to be paid. A flat above the club premises will be available to the successful applicant at a rent of £140 p.a. Further particulars and application forms, which should be returned by 1 April 1958, may be obtained from G. Brooke Taylor, 46 Marlowes, Hemel Hampstead, Herts.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Psychiatric Social Workers. Applications invited from persons possessing a Mental Health or other certificate recognised by the appropriate Whitley Council to fill whole-time vacancies at the following Child Guidance Clinics: (1) Colchester, a long established Clinic held in a 17th-Century house serving the town and surrounding rural areas. Present staff includes two Psychiatrists, a Psychiatric Social Worker and a Psychotherapist. (2) Basildon, opening shortly in a Health Services Clinic in rapidly expanding New Town. Initial staff will include a Psychiatrist and a Psychotherapist. Housing accommodation available. (3) Grays, serving an area of industrial development and adjoining large housing estate. Present staff includes two Psychiatrists and two Psychotherapists. (4) Harlow, opening shortly at the Harlow Medical Centre (adjoining a Group Practice and Specialist Centre) to serve the New Town, Epping and surrounding districts. Staff will include a Psychiatrist and a Psychotherapist. Housing accommodation, including single-person flats, available. These clinics, administered by the Local Education Authority, have on their staff one or two Educational Psychologists working part-time in the School Psychological Service. There is a good balance between diagnostic and therapeutic work, with opportunities for long-term work with parents. There are also remedial teaching classes and facilities for group therapy. Adequate secretarial assistance provided. Nationally negotiated rates of pay and conditions of service apply. Visits to the clinics can be arranged for applicants. Students qualifying this Summer will be considered. Further particulars and application forms from Principal School Medical Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

LONDON County Council. Experienced social worker pref. with social science qualn reqd for permanent appointment as Assistant Local Organiser under Mental Deficiency Acts. Duties incl. visiting and reporting on mental defectives living in the community. Salary £592 10s. – £792 10s.; abated comm. salary for persons under 24. Apply Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1./192), County Hall, SE1, forms retble by 24 Mar.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BOROUGH of Swindon. Appointment of Senior Neighbourhood Worker. Applications are invited for the appointment of Senior Neighbourhood Worker A.P.T. Grade II (£725-£845 per annum) in the Social Development Section of the Town Clerk's Department. The Section is concerned with social problems arising from the expansion of Swindon under the Town Development Act, 1952, and in particular, the integration of incoming population with the existing community. The Neighbourhood Workers are required to reside on new estates and are expected to establish contact with incoming tenants, assist in meeting problems of adjustment, encourage the development of social activities, etc. Applicants should have an appropriate Social Science or Intermediate Administrative qualification, and should have had considerable experience of social work. Applications, on forms to be obtained from the Town Clerk, Civic Offices, Swindon, must be returned by 22 March, 1958.

CASEWORKER required by Family Welfare Association for project (based on Camberwell office) in co-operation with Almoner's Department, King's College Hospital. Project involves work with people referred for a casework service to prevent family breakdown. Professional casework qualification (family or medical) required, and experience. Salary £600/£700 p.a. Applications before 1 April to General Secretary, FWA, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, SW1.

FAMILY Service Units have vacancies, resident and non-resident, for six family caseworkers, men or women, for the extension of their work with problem families in London and several provincial cities. Preference will be given to applicants with social science training and previous experience of social work. Non-resident salaries £525/25/700; Children's allowances, pension scheme. Also vacancies for two senior workers with advanced qualifications and suitable experience preferably in mental health work. Salaries from £625 to £850. Write to Secretary, FSU, 25 St Mary's Grove, N1.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £30 16s. 8d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

EXPERIENCED social case worker for field study of mental and material needs of residents in men's lodging house Central London for 1-2 years. Sal. £700-900 according experience. Details and form from London C.S.S., 7 Bayley Street, WC1. Closing date applications 31 March.

THE Family Planning Association, London Federation, requires part-time Secretary. Woman interested in public relations, with knowledge of social services and committee work, able to make contacts at all levels. Ability to type essential. Challenging and interesting job for married woman who can combine it with home commitments. Applications to the General Secretary, 64 Sloane Street, SW1.

DONCASTER and District Council of Social Service require a General Organising Secretary with a knowledge of Social work. Salary at the rate of £500 per annum, National Pension Scheme. Application form from: The Secretary, 13 Thorne Road, Doncaster. Applics. to be received by 25 Mar.

RESIDENT Assistant Housekeeper/Caterer required in April at Girls' Public School to act as deputy to head of the department. Must be good organiser, willing to take responsibility and experienced in large scale management. Good holidays and salary. Non-contributory superannuation fund. Apply Headmistress, Badminton School, Bristol 9.

EXPERIENCED Social Workers, designated assistant organisers of children's care work, reqd. to recruit, train and advise voluntary workers forming care committees attached to London Schools. Opportunities for wide and varied work dealing with school children in their family relationships. Social science qualifns. and/or expce. of family case work desirable. Salary £592 10s.-£792 10s. Commencing salary accdg. to quals. and expce. Posts temporary in first instance but normally lead to permanent appointments. Applicn. forms, with full details, obtainable from Education Officer (EO/Estb. 2/X), County Hall, London, SE1. Must be returned by 28 March 1958. (454)

KODAK, Ltd., require advertising copywriter. Experience not necessary but evidence of writing ability must be sent with application. Write Kodak, Ltd., Dept. 125a Wealdstone, Harrow, Middx.

NATIONAL Association for Mental Health. Hostel for E.S.N. School Leavers. Applications are invited for the following posts in a pioneer Hostel for Boys in the London area. Assistant Warden (single man). Experience with adolescent boys essential and with educationally sub-normal young people desirable. Salary Scale: £440-£540 per annum, less £116 for board/lodging. Assisant Matron/Housekeeper. Willing to do some cooking. Experience with adolescents desirable. Salary Scale: £350-£450 per annum, less £116 for board/lodging. Application forms and further particulars from the Secretary, E.S.N. Hostels, National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne St, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

REPEAT Advertisement. Club leaders, man and woman, required for mixed youth club with junior section in West London. Attractive premises. Married couple considered if both qualified. Superannuation scheme. Apply with full details of experience to the Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready St., London, NW8.

MARRIED couple reqd at Langley House Reception Home, East India Dock Road, E14. Duties incl. observation and assessment. Salaries: Housefather £505 to £577 10s.; Housemother £437 10s. to £512 10s. each plus £18 10s. p.a. for Home Office Cert., less charge for board, etc. Apply Children's Officer (CH/NEDO/383), L.C.C. County Hall, SE1.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £30 16s. 8d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

PUBLIC Relations Consultant wants first-class Secretary. £550-£650. Rosetta Desbrow, Effingham House, Arundel Street, WC2. TEM. 9410.

KEEP Britain Tidy Group. Applications are invited from men and women for the post of organising Secretary. The base will be in London, but the duties will involve some travelling. The post calls for enthusiasm, initiative and drive; the objective is to advance the Anti-Litter Campaign. Salary £700 per annum, plus travelling expenses. Applications, with the names of two referees, must reach the Secretary, 39 Eccleston Street, London, SW1, not later than one week after the appearance of this advertisement.

SENIOR Sub-Editor reqd. for the Bristol Evening Post. Must be fully experienced in subbing leads and features and have good knowledge of page make-up. Good prospects. Write, giving brief details of exp., to Chief Sub-Editor, Bristol Evening Post, Bristol.

TECHNICAL publishing house in London suburbs reqs young lady with experience in technical abstracting to act as assistant editor of new technical abstracts journal bordering on applied chemistry and metallurgy. Fast typist essential. Shorthand & languages advantageous. Part-time considered. Box 8846.

TOYNBEE Hall. Woman with training and experience in social work as Old People's Welfare Organiser. Apply to the Warden, Toynbee Hall, 28 Commercial Street, E1.

LARGE Trade Union in Westminster district requires Claims Assistant for Legal Department. Commencing salary £11 3s. 6d. per week, rising to £12 15s. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write giving age and particulars of exp. Box 8665.

JOURNALIST with sound experience of both article and short story writing can find interesting part-time work (at home) as correspondence school instructor. Write giving full details (in confidence) to Box 8997.

WELL-introduced representative required (either sex) 25-35, to promote sales classical records. Box 8904.

INTERNATIONAL Educational Organisation, London, SW1, seeks part-time secretary-receptionist for work including secretarial and administrative duties. Approx. 5 hrs per evening, 4-5 evenings per week. Stimulating and varied activities. Languages and S/T useful but not essential. Vital assets: personality, patience, initiative and enthusiasm. Box 8734.

ENGLISH-German secretary shorthand-typist for international political organisation. Interesting and varied work, good conditions. Box 8975.

REALLY capable Secretary, experienced Solicitor's work – mainly Conveyancing – offered accommodation on premises as part wages. Liveable bed/sit., k. & b. Nr Ilford. Write full details age, exp. and full salary required. Job available even if accommodation not required. Box 8910.

SECRETARY, over 21, for Director well-known publishing firm. Salary to £500. Postman Bureau 78 George St W1 HUN 0676.

SHORTHAND-Typist (Pool) required for Westminster District. Aged 21 years or over. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £9 14s. rising to £10 4s per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Box 8953.

TYPIST Assistant in Research Department reqd in prominent Trade Union Office. Must have knowledge in current political affairs and of Trade Union Activities. Write, in confidence, giving experience in this field. Salary £12 per week progressive. Box 8943.

THE Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire Street, W1. Tel. WEL. 8017.

TRY the Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. 'Phone REG. 7571.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

UNQUALIFIED but cultivated widow, 44, seeks congenial employment pref. library but open-minded. Box 8749.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

IF you can employ an all-round Photographer – high degree of craftsmanship – prepared to work as hard and as long as you like, please write M. Becker, Flat 5, 35 Gosfield St, W1.

IRISHMAN (22), Jesuit-educated, wants job where his broadcasting experience, psychiatrist/confessor manner and (almost) encyclopædic knowledge of books and religions would be useful. Box 8899.

SINGLE young man, 30, Public School, seeks an interesting post where integrity and willingness count. Wide interests, anything considered. Town or country. Box 8841.

MALE, 28, trained as architect, in sympathy such progressive elements as in today's society, wanting work employing organisational/admin/creative skills. Box 8959.

LADY, admin. level (thorough early sec. experience), knowl. Embassy press & cultural matters, organising, corresp., good personality, interest in work undertaken, reqs post Personal Assistant. London. Box 8981.

RARA Avis, synonym Secretary Bird, efficient, to help our harassed clients suffering from holiday staff deprivations. Contact Sybil Topham, Dutton's Secretarial Service, Ltd., 92 Gt Russell Street, London, WC1. MUSeum 7379.

LADY offers secretarial help. Available odd days/weeks. Box 8668.

FELLOWSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited from graduates of any University for a Douglas Knoop Research Fellowship tenable from 1 October 1958. The Fellow will be required to undertake research in Economics in the University of Sheffield. Applicants who expect to graduate in 1958 will be considered. The value of the Fellowship will be £675 a year, and it will normally be tenable for three years. Applications (3 copies), indicating the line of research proposed and including the names and addresses of three referees, should reach the Registrar (from whom further particulars may be obtained) by 9 April 1958.

FELLOWSHIP in Clinical Psychology for potential research worker. Applications are invited from psychologists, interested later to take up an appointment to do research in early social development of children, for a Fellowship at the Tavistock Clinic to enable the holder to undertake a two-year course of full-time training in clinical psychology. Some knowledge of psychoanalysis and/or ethology and/or Piaget's work and previous research experience desirable but not essential. The Fellowship is valued at £600 per annum and help towards a personal analysis may be provided later should the Fellow wish to undertake it. Further details from the Secretary, Tavistock Child Development Research Unit, 2 Beaumont Street, London, W1. Applications by 8 April.

SCHOLARSHIPS 1958-9 for British woman graduate, under 30 years. £100. Also Summer Research Grant, covering residence Paris June-August. Closing date 30 April, 1953. Details from Assistant Secretary, British Federation of University Women, 17a Kings Road, SW3.

FIRCROFT. Residential College for Working Men. Scholarships and bursaries are available for a one-year course of study in Economics, Politics, History, International Relations, Social Studies, English Language and Literature, etc., for the session beginning September 1958. Details, a copy of the prospectus and application forms from the Secretary, Fircroft College, Birmingham 29.

BYAM Shaw School of Drawing and Painting. Five annual Entrance Scholarships and an Exhibition available in May for men and women who wish to train as professional artists: all awards are tenable for four years. Write for details to the Secretary, Byam Shaw School, 70 Campden Street, Kensington, W8, before the end of March.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

UNITARIANISM. What is it? Write Mrs Dickin, 17a Hermitage St, Crewkerne, Somerset.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner. AMB. 1564 or write Box 8155.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., NW8. MAI. 3030.

R. PALME Dutt writes on contemporary theatre, in 'Look Forward in Anger', March Labour Monthly. Also: 'The Rapacki Plan' (Quaestor): 'Reflections on the Bank' (R. Page Arnot); and 'Slithering to Ruin' (H. P. Rathbone on sterling). 1s. 8d. post free from NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

MICHELIN Guides 1958. Ready Easter. France 23s. 6d., Italy 19s., Camping France 8s. 6d., post paid. Order now and receive on day of publication. Hachette, 127 Regent Street, W1.

'THE Humanist' is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly, 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, 'Living with Reality', and Bertrand Russell's 'Faith of a Rationalist', free. RPA, 40 Drury Lane, WC2.

WORLD affairs, economics, socialism, Russia, communism: books/pamps bought. The Hammersmith Bkshp, W6. RIV. 6807.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

ENCORE – the new issue is selling fast. Plead with your newsagent to let you have a copy. Or send 1s. 6d. to Dept N, 25 Howland St, W1, and enclose a bribe.

THE Nation, America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £3 4s. 3d. yearly may be sent through the Publisher, NS, 10 Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Specimen copy on request.

HOMOSEXUALITY. 'Judge Not', Aymer Roberts' serious autobiographical study. Observer Book of the Year. 16s. Booksellers or Linden Press, 20 Took's Court, EC4.

HOLIDAYS Abroad? Maps, guides & 'Interpret' Holiday Language Courses from Barmerlea Book Sales Ltd, 10 Bayley St, WC1.

CONTENTS of March 'Plebs'. 'From Dreyfus to Djamila', by Nora Beloff; 'France's North-African Volcano', by J. P. M. Millar; 'The German Problem', by Arthur Woodburn, MP; 'The Story of Our Unions' by Dr W. McLaine; 'Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy', by Reg Moss, MP; 'Heavy Weather in the Aircraft Industry', by George Thomason; 'First in the Field – The NCLC', by J. P. M. Millar; Pars from the Press; New Books; 'Ocean Ports Two Thousand Miles Inland', by Frank Horrabin; 'Do You Know?'; 'The Cockpit'; NCLC News; 'Plebs' is 6d., by post 8d. or 7s. 6d. a year, from the NCLC, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

'NATURE Cure Investigated.' 6d. from Sec., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Freedom & self-government for day children and weekly boarders. Small classes. Tuition fee 27½ gns.; weekly boarders, 30 gns. extra a term. Headmaster: J. East.

FROEBEL Nursery school opening in Hampstead. Ring PRImrose 5142.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School farm, T.T. cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18. Principals Carl & Eleanor Urban.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth; co-education, 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, MA.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, NW3. (SWI. 3319.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. GCE, Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends & sum. holidays. Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland, Chiltern Hills, 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, PhD; M. D. C. Graham, MA (Oxon).

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age, small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, MA.

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls. 91-93 Baker Street, W1. HUNter 0931. Founded 1901.

FOOD AND DRINK

SOME shippers ship super sherries. If you can say that, you may allow yourself another glass of Duff Gordon's El Cid amontillado. Well, perhaps just one more ship!

ON the tip of your tongue Burgess Anchovy Paste is delicious on buttered toast.

MARY had a little lamb which tasted superb with Rayner's Mango Chutney – from all good grocers.

DELICIOUS Indian Curries, brianis & pulvos at Gayford Restaurant, nr. Playhouse Cin. Constantine Rd, NW3. GUL. 3109.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

FURN. house, all cons. 6 rms. Eltham, 7 gns. wk. Any nationality. Box 9004.

CORSHAM, 4 m. Chippenham, 9 m. Bath, in Cotswold country. Three residential studios to let unfurnished; recent conversion. 2 bed, bath, w.c., large studio and kitchenette in each. Main electricity, gas, water. Garages & small gardens. Very quiet but unsuitable young children. Apply Corsham Estates, 15 St Mary Street, Chippenham, Wilts.

TO let in pretty village 30 miles London, wing of house; 4 rms, kitchen, bathroom, separate garden, garage. Box 8864.

N. DEVON farmhouse; small s/c. furn. flat to let, rent 4 gns. wkly, August 4½. E.l., h. & c., Calor gas cooker. Box 8726.

PROFESSIONAL civil servant, bachelor, requires small secluded part-furnished cottage with bath. 15 miles radius Windsor. Long-term let. Box 8682.

CORNWALL near St Just-in-Roseland, charming thatched cottage; 1 mile sea; sleep 5-6. Rent 5 gns. to 10 gns. wk. Mathews, Treworthal, Ruan High Lanes, Truro.

PERSONAL

EASTER Fair, Seville. Family coach (private) offers seats at share of transport costs (approx. £20) picnic meals en route, camping Seville. Box 8974.

YUGOSLAVIA in a coupé: 3 young men seek 4th. (20's); leave England 29 August; return 21 September. Box 8863.

QUALIFIED nurse studying medicine sks accom. in exch. some duties. Box 8921.

BADMINTON. Woman, beginner, would like to have lessons and/or join club. London. Suggestions welcomed. Box 8908.

MIDDLE-aged lady wanted to live as member of family, 3 children, near Leeds. Box 8924.

WHO with own scooter/s will join yng f. trek from Greece via World Fair to Eng. July. Preger, 11 Downes Hill, Haifa.

LADY (39), gd. linguist, interested people/places, sks. another or companions Continental hol. early Sept. Box 8879.

YUGOSLAVIA. Adult students of English in Split desire exchange visits to England. Box 8867.

BACH. 36, new to London, sks. sim. for comp., hol. abroad (Sept.). Box 8813.

GARDEN. Would any flat dweller in Highgate dist. like a piece of garden (too large for owner) to grow things in? Box 8929.

VOLUNTARY 17½ years old, good family, young lady, Swiss, wishing to come to England for one year, seeks place with respectable family. Write: Yosette Charbonnier, 37 Ave-Roserai, Geneva, Switzerland.

SWIMMING - private lessons wanted urgently Cent. London. Dets to Box 8819.

A YOUNG couple require 1-2 or 3 companions to share expenses of Velox going to Italy June 11-22. Phone VAL. 9503.

WANTED, furn. flat or villa coast S. France, mid-July to end September inclusive; sleep 4-8. Box 9001.

TWO students (17) require weekend work, anything considered. Box 8977.

GRAD. (m.) 30, Advert. exec., rotting in b/sit. seeks regeneration as member of young household (London). Bridge-player, sense of humour, will baby-sit, etc. Box 9006.

YOUNG widow novelist urgently needs £370. Can do anything, many talents. Also will share cottage with 1 acre. Box 8763.

YOUNG man seeks congenial, not-too-intellectual male companion, Easter and/or Summer holidays. Box 8815.

TWO impecunious old maids (both 27), recently returned from Greece, seek escape into new ventures. Anywhere considered. Any suggestions? Box 8978.

YNG man sks companions intd cycling, rambling Easter/holidays. Box 8831.

RESEARCH on Ghandi: occasional daytime secretarial help reqd. BAY. 6974.

WELSH conversation lessons wanted, evenings, pref. from Welsh teacher exiled in London. Box 8649.

FOSTER home sought for young working girl and her nine months old daughter. Reliable and willing to help in the home. Ample allowances paid. Further details from Area Children's Officer, Marsh Hill, E9.

INVITATIONS to join private motor yacht party for Continental cruise. Easter or summer. Small family welcome. Box 8862.

NEUROTIC but rational MA (Lond.), f., 10 years' University admin. experience, 4 years' war service, trained shorthand-typist, seeks job, London, where neurosis regarded all fours flat feet. Box 8816.

NICE. Eng./French/Ger. speaking hostess/host available Easter on as chauffeur/guide, own car. Any sugs consid. Box 8883.

SENIOR free-lance lettering artist/draughtswoman available for cartographical, architectural, engineering drawing & visual aid. Box 9015.

REST, recuperation, superb bungalow Sussex Downs. Warmth, comfort, good food. 1 or 2 persons. £1 per day. Box 8652.

YOUNGSTERS' (8-18) Country House Party. Ponies to ride; fancy dress, square and ballroom dances; organised outings and games, from 28 March to 28 April. For particulars apply The Secretary, Parndon Hall, Harlow, Essex. Tel.: Harlow 24511.

'EN Famille' Holidays in Austria, France, Germany, etc. Why not let us make individual arrangements for you to enjoy the interesting, friendly atmosphere of a private family or join one of the special Groups visiting our International Host-Family Centre? Meet and get to know the people of the country you visit. Illus. brochure: E.F.A., 1 New Burlington St, Regent St, London, W1. REGent 8866.

ONLY a few weeks to Easter, so it is time you booked your Easter holiday! We have a variety of arrangements to offer, including ski-ing parties, house party and hotel arrangements in Britain and holidays in Rome, Florence, Paris, Amsterdam, Switzerland and Austria. Please apply Erna Low Travel Service, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 0911 & 5225.

PERSONAL—continued

DOMESTICATED Continental, English or Chinese, to help run cheerful Doctor's household with family growing boys. Young or old – but capable & adaptable, please! Good home & salary. Mother of child over 5 also considered, or non-aggressive married couple seeking shelter, hard work & security. Mrs Dean, Old Rectory, Wivenhoe, Essex.

SILENT keyboard wanted, adjustable touch. Sutherland, PRI. 1228.

ENG. stenog. resident Switzerland urgently sks. home-work/occupation – correspondent, envelope addressing, circulars, charitable work. All sugs. considered. Box 8719.

STUDENT wishes to visit Spain or Italy, 2-3 wks. summer, v. cheaply. Suggestions? Box 8657.

ARMAND Georgés, author 'Crusade Against Loneliness', editing 'Bed-sitter Tribe' book, seeks true stories both gay and sad from people who have lived in bed-sitters. All letters acknowledged. 1005 Romford Rd, London, E12.

TANIA, adorable and just on two, urgently needs a happy home in London area, where she would be in motherly care, and where her father could stay as p.g. or visit her. He is not rich, but will be glad to discuss details. Box 8884.

LADY (22) with car sks. co-driver comps. for Contntl tour, May-June. Box 8860.

CONWAY. To let 2 weeks from 9 June, large detached house, 5 bedrooms. Baird, Bryn Siriol, Conway.

WEEKEND accommodation in Chilterns wanted, possibly in exchange similar accomm. London. Box 8676.

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ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accommodation in artists' attractive old house overlooking harbour. Lge secluded garden. Box 8094.

HOLIDAY exch. Edinburgh house, sleep 6. Owners wish equivalent near sea – Italy, Spain prefd. 3-4 wks from 12 July. Box 8461.

SOUTH of France, near Vence. To let: period house, all comforts. State dates and number of persons. Box 8871.

HOLIDAY flat, chalet or bungalow on or close to sandy beach required August or first two weeks in June, with 2 bedrooms, for three adults and one child. Pref. Devon, Cornwall, but anywhere consid. Box 8987.

DORDOGNE. nr Lascaux, cottage to let, sleep 3. Mod. rent. Box 8918.

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KNOW-How means Writing Success for you. No Sales – No Fees tuition. Free year's subscription to Britain's foremost magazine for Writers. Free N.2. 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success' from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

PERSONAL—continued

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AMERICAN bookseller in England March & April wishes to buy smal/large lots of books on Economics, History, Labour, Socialism, etc. Box 8642.

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

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HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal. 6/7 gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penralit, Trefriw, Llanwrst 166.

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LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country, 5s., pge. 4d. from Victor Hilton (N.S.), Harbourside, Torquay.

FARM Holidays – 1958 Guide describes Britain's best holiday farmhouses. 900 farms, illustrated, 3s. 10d. post paid. Dept O, Farm Guide, 18 High St, Paisley.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 351

CHILD Care Officer Training. Trained Child Care Officers are urgently needed. One year courses at Birmingham, Liverpool and Southampton Universities and the London School of Economics are available to holders of social science, teaching, or health visiting qualifications and to graduates with suitable experience. Grants are available to cover fees and maintenance. For courses starting October, 1958, apply before 31 March to Central Training Council in Child Care, Room 518 (43 C), Horseferry House, London, SW1.

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DAVIES'S Training Course (evening) for prospective Teachers of English to Foreigners, 24 March to 21 May. Particulars from Davies's, 54 Hyde Park Gate, SW7. (KNIghtsbridge 6833.)

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DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers, with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

EVENING Classes: drawing and painting in large studio at the Byam Shaw School, Campden St, Kensington, W8 (Park 4711). Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 7-9.30, individual lessons from models, still-life, flowers, etc.: practice sessions from the model without tuition on Thursdays, 7.30-9.30 p.m. Students may join at any time.

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An advanced Course for Teachers and other Students
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Fee for the Course, including residence at Madingley Hall, £7 10s.
Further information may be obtained from The Secretary, Cambridge University Board of Extra-Mural Studies, Stuart House, Cambridge.

YORK ARCHITECTURAL SUMMER SCHOOLS
'A History of English Architecture' 9-16 August.
'The English Country House' 16-23 August.
'A History of Railway Architecture in Britain' 23-30 August.
Fully residential in new building. Individual bed-sitting rooms. Lectures, discussions and tours. Prospectuses available from the Secretary, York Institute of Architectural Study, Micklegate, York.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon; send a card for new handlist of courses & holiday schools, Mar.-Sept. 1958.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS—cont.

FABIAN Easter School, Dorking, 3-7 April. Industry in a Changing Society. Details 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. WHI. 3077.

URCHFONT Manor. Short Residential Courses. Easter – Positivism and Existentialism. Whitsun – Nature Study. Summer – Music, Poetry, Archaeology and Family Courses in August. Details from The Warden, Urchfont Manor, nr Devizes, Wilts.

UNIVERSITY of London. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. The University Extension Summer School will be held at Wye College, near Ashford, Kent, from 16-30 August 1958. Subjects include Social Studies, Music, Painting, Literature, Religious Studies, Local Studies, Historical Records and Philosophical Studies. Application forms and further information can be obtained from the Deputy Director (N.), Department of Extra-Mural Studies, Senate House, London WC1.

LECTURES, discussions, film shows, film-making. At High Leigh, Hoddesdon, Herts. Aug. 9-22. Single room accom. Leaflet from British Film Institute, 4 Gt. Russell St, WC1. COV. 2801.

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TRAVEL Advice. Ind. inform. by world traveller; not an agency; question to B.A.C.E., Apptd. 115, Coimbra, Portugal.

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ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

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FLAT E. Sussex, 3 rooms, attics, doctor's house; quiet, view, main line, £3 3s. p.w. incl. light, hot water. Box 8830.

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OPERA AND BALLET

CARL ROSA OPERA
SPRING TOUR, 1958

March 24	Peterborough
March 31	Sheffield
April 7	Norwich
April 14	Southsea
April 21 (3 weeks)	Sadler's Wells
May 12	Liverpool
May 19	Southampton
May 26	Streatham Hill
June 2	Golders Green
June 9	Brighton

Weekly Programme details will appear regularly in this column

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
Tel. TERminus 1672
Evgs. at 7.0 Last 5 weeks.

17 March	The Magic Flute
18 March	Tosca
19 March	La Boheme
20 March	The Merry Widow
21 March	Samson & Delilah
22 March	Trittico, Il Tabarro, Suor Angelica, Gianni Schicchi

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE
SEASON OF ITALIAN OPERA
30 Jan. to 22 March
Evenings 7.30

17 Mar.	I PESCATORI DI PERLE
18 Mar.	GUGLIELMO TELL
19 Mar.	I PESCATORI DI PERLE
20 Mar.	ANDREA CHENIER
21 Mar.	I PESCATORI DI PERLE
22 Mar.	GUGLIELMO TELL

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN
(Tel Covent Garden 1066)
THE ROYAL BALLET
(formerly Sadler's Wells Ballet)
Evenings 7.30, Mats Sat. 2.30.

17, 20 & 22 (mat.) March
Lac Des Cygnes

18 March
Solitaire, The Firebird, Petrushka

19 March
Scenes de Ballet, The Rake's Progress, Petrushka

21 March
Scenes de Ballet, Miracle in the Gorbals (revival), Les Patineurs.

22 March (evg.)
Les Patineurs, Miracle in the Gorbals, Coppelia Act III.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA
Season opens 2 April with Aida (in Italian). Rep. incl. La Boheme, Rigoletto, Jenufa, Peter Grimes. Prog. available. Box Office now open.

OPERA Circle. Sun. 16 March at 8 p.m. at Institut Français, Queensberry Place, SW7. 'Parisian Operatic Memories' by Maggie Teyte with musical illustrations by Dorothy Dorow, Estelle Johnson & David Tron. At the piano, Robert Sutherland. Parties. Hon. Sec. Mrs Rosenfield, WES. 7513.

THEATRES

St Martin's Theatre

Opening Tuesday, 18 March

'THE KIDDERS'

a searching play by

Donald Ogden Stewart.

———

'TRIUMPH' – Daily Express.

———

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tues/Suns. Evgs. 6.30. The Iceman Cometh. Members.

DUKE of York's. TEM. 5122. 8.0, S. 5.30, 8.30. Th. 2.30. Greenwood, Lysistrata.

IRVING. WHI. 8627. Non-stop Glamour Revue. 2nd Yr. Fr. 2.30. Sn. 4. Mems. New Ed.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30 S. 5, 8.15. W. 2.30 Till March 29. 'Epitaph for George Dillon'.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. Last wk. 8, Sat. 5.0 & 8.0. Celestina. Comedy.

TOWER. 7.30. 21, 22, 23 (Mems.), 27, 28, 29 Mar. 'Cyrano de Bergerac'. 14, 15 Mar. Lehman's 'Who Cares?' CAN. 5111 (CAN. 3475 before 6). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY, EUS. 5391 'The Crucible' by A. Miller. Fri. Sat. Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

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ORGAN Recital by Edna Howard. Works by Bach, Franck, Reger. Royal Festival Hall. Wed. 19 March at 5.45. Tickets 4s. (inc. prog.). WAT. 3191.

ICA Music Section. Wigmore Hall. Tues. March 18 at 7.30 p.m. Tibor Varga, violin; A. von Bremen, piano; Sidney Fell, clarinet. Schoenberg's Fantasy, Berg's Adagio for violin, clarinet & piano, Seiber's Concert Piece, Bartok's Sonata No. 2. Tkts 9s., 6s., 3s.

ALAN Bush Piano Variations (1st perf.) and Beethoven last Sonata Op. 111 (Edna Iles). Choral music by Monteverdi, Bartok, mod. English composers. Fri. 21 Mar., 7.30. 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Tkts 6s., 3s. 6d. from Macnaghten Concerts, 156 Castelnau, SW13.

MORLEY College Symphony Orchestra. Tues. next 18 Mar. Chelsea Town Hall 8 p.m. Conducted by winner of MCSO conducting competition: Michael Steyn. Overture Idomeneo Mozart. Jeu de Cartes Strawinsky. Siegfried's journey to the Rhine & funeral march Wagner. Sym. No. 7 Beethoven.

SUMMER School of Music. (Dir. of Music: William Glock. Secretary: John Amis.) 10th Anniversary 2-30 August, Dartington Hall, Devon. Festival-Holiday-School. Artists and Teachers include: Aaron Copland, Peter Pears, Julian Bream, George Malcolm, Manoug Parikian, Osian Ellis, Norman Del Mar, Michel St Denis, Carmirelli String Quartet, Pro Musica Antiqua (dir. Safford Cape), Ambrosian Singers (dir. Denis Stevens) and Morley College Symphony Orchestra (dir. Lawrence Leonard). 3d. stamp for illustrated prospectus to Summer School of Music, 16 Eccleston Square, SW1.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns.), Films on Artists of The Italian Renaissance (U).

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. American Film Season. Until 16 Mar.: 'Funny Face' (U). From 17 Mar.: 'The Bachelor Party' (X).

ROXY. Bay 2345. 16 March, 7 days G. Ford D. McGuire 'Trial'. Walter Wanger's 'Riot in Cell Block 11' Adults X.

GEFFRYE Museum, E2. Art Films, Sundays 2.30 and 3.45. 16 March: Pacific 231, L. S. Lowry, Vaison la Romaine. 23 March: Ulanova in The Fountain of Bakhchiserai, Indian Heritage No. 1, Prehistoric Art in South Africa. 30 March: Grèce, Autel des Dieux, Foothold in Antarctica, Indian Heritage No. 2. (375.)

LEWISHAM Film Soc. RAV. 2461. Unitarian Hall, next Cent. Libr. 15 Mar. 7.15. 'The German Story' (E. Germ.).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today, 15 March, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League Dance, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Sat., 15 March, 7.30-11 p.m. Tickets 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions of old & modern masters, average price 50s. plus 14s. 3d. tax from all good printsellers. Illus. cat. 1s. 6d. from 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1.

PIERRE Montal, 14 South Molton St, W1. Paintings from Israel. S. Russota. First show in England.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq., New Pictures by Alan Reynolds. Watercolours by Cheng-Wu Fei. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Clemente – 24 new paintings. Till 3 April, daily 10-7 incl. Saturdays.

GALLERY One, W1 (GERrard 3529). Alexander Weatherson, paintings.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon-Friday 10-5, Adm. free.

MODERN Israel Painting. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 12 April. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Juan Gris (1887-1927) – Fifty Works – First important Exhibition in London. 13 Feb.-22 March. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

PAINTINGS by Leslie Dyer, Hauser Gallery, 281 Finchley Rd, NW3. 18 Mar.-12 Apr. 9-6 daily ex. Thrs. aftn & Sun.

PRIMAVERA, 149 Sloane St, SW1. Porcelain and stoneware by Bernard Leach. Dly. 9.30-5.30. Sats. to 1. 4-19 Mar.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Later works, Jack B. Yeats. Daily 9.30-6, Saturdays 9.30-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

ROLAND Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Norman Adams: Paintings & Watercolours; Austin Wright, Sculpture and Drawings.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Prints: Peter Peri: Pilgrim's Progress Suite – 18 etchings. 7 Cork St, London, W1. REG. 3660.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Paintings by Patrick Heron, Paul Olds, Derwent Lees. And 'The Abstract Influence 1910-1930'. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W1. XX Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Some Pictures from the E. J. Power Collection. Till 19 April. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITIES & LEFT REVIEW CLUB

'The Managerial Revolution.' Peter Shore and Clive Jenkins.
Monday, 17 March, 7.30 p.m.

Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth St, WC2 (off Cambridge Circus).
Beer, spirits, coffee.
Admission 2s. Members 1s.

KENSINGTON Town Hall, 25 March (see p. 328). Holds only 600. Sorry no overflow. Tickets 6d., s.a.e. to Peggy Smith, 41 Courtfield Road, SW7.

PROF. D. Winton Thomas (Regius Prof. of Hebrew, Cambridge) on 'The Hebrew Bible Since Claude Montefiore'; Tues., 18 March, at 8.15 p.m., at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue (Hall), 28 St John's Wood Rd, NW8 (opp. Lords). All welcome.

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc. Frank Beswick, MP, on Problems of Parliament. Wed., 19 March, 7.30, 57 Dean St, W1. Vis. 2s.

ADLERIAN Society. 'Guiding Youth in the Choice of Occupation', Dr James Moore, Thurs. 20 March, 7.30 punctually, Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1. Non-mems 2s.

SHAW Society: Esmé Percy Mem. Reading by Margaret Rawlings; 7 Albemarle St, W1, 28 March, 7 p.m. (memb. or 3s. 6d. in advance from 45 Steeplestone Close, N18; also 25 April: Lord Altrincham).

BRAINS Trust organised by the London Youth Festival Committee with well known personalities representing literature, industry, education and sports. Specially for youth but everybody welcome. Queries, questions, views. 10.30 a.m. 5, Leicester Place (off Leicester Square) Admission 2s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Pier Luigi Nervi – Constructor-Architect. Speakers will include: Frank Newby (Engineer), James Stirling (Architect), Peter Trench (Contractor). Chairman: Edward Mills, FRIBA, Thursday, 20 March, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 22 March at 6 p.m. Miss G. Seidmann, MA: Robert Musil und H. von Doderer: zwei österreichische Dichter.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists. W.Q. Judge Day Meeting, Sun. 16 March, 8 p.m. Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

RAMAKRISHNA & Vivekananda Anniversaries: Caxton Hall, Tues., 18 March, 6.30 Chairman; H. E. Mrs Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit (speaks on Ramakrishna & World Harmony); Speakers: Rt Hon. Lord Pethick-Lawrence (Thoughts on the Cosmos); Mr Kenneth Walker (Significance of Ramakrishna & Vivekananda for the West); Prof. A. L. Basham (Ramakrishna & Vivekananda). All welcome. Sun. 5 p.m. 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda on Bhagavad Gita. Vedanta magazine 2s. 6d., ann. 15s.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public lecture, Wed. 19 March, 6.30 sharp: 'Buddhism & Western Philosophy', Arthur Martin. N.B. Tues. 18 March new Beginners' Course starts 6.30 sharp (first of 4 lectures, alternate Tues., guest teacher Ven. Amritananda of Nepal). – Read 'The Middle Way' for Buddhist news and views, 2s. 10d. quarterly post free. Inf. TAT. 1313.

'WHY do Rebels always become Tyrants?' Discn, Mon. 17 March, 7.45 p.m. 32 Percy St (Tot. Ct Rd), W1. Free.

'SAINTS & Serpents.' W. E. Swinton, PhD. Sun., 11 a.m., 16 March. S. Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concerts, Sun., 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

INDIAN Institute of World Culture, Fri. 21 March, 8.30 p.m. Mr E. S. Sachs, 'Race Conflicts in South Africa'. Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns, Paddington, W2.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 14 Mar. 8 p.m. John Primm: 'Apprenticeship with Feodor Kommisarjevsky'. Sun. 16 Mar. 4 p.m. at French Institute, Queensberry Place, SW7, Mrs. Biek-Vinogradova: 'Roots of Piano Playing' (demonstration by her pupils). Fri. 21 Mar. 8 p.m. Rok Klopcic: Violin Recital.

PERSONALIST Group. Philip Metman on 'Schizoid Trends in the Normal Person', Conway Hall, Monday, 17 March, 7.30 p.m.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 16 March, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham: 'Methods of Altering Men'.

GORDON Schaffer: 'Disengagement'. Music. Refr. Colln. Sat. 15 March at 8. 66 Parkhill Rd. N.W.3. Hampstd Peace Coun.

'RELIGION in the Schools.' F. H. A. Micklewright, MA. Tues., 7.15 p.m., 18 Mar. Conway Discussions, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1.

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SCIENCE for War – or Peace? Public Conference, Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Sq., W1, Sat. 22 March, 2 p.m. Spkrs.: R. L. M. Synge, FRS; S. C. Harland, FRS; E. H. S. Burhop, Rais Ahmed. 2s. 6d. Details Asst. Sec., Science for Peace, 144 Wimbledon Park Rd, SW18.

MONTESSORI Society. Weekend Study Conference at Lindsell Hall, 35 Adamson Rd, London, NW3, from Friday, 11 April-Sunday, 13 April 1958. Important panel of Lecturers. Refresher and Introductory parts. Particulars from Hon. Treasurer, 1 Park Crescent, London, W1. (The above conference is residential, but attendance for the lectures only is possible.)

ARCHITECTURAL Association School of Architecture. Entrance Examination for admission September 1958 will be held on 14 April. Last date for applications: 1 April. Full particulars and application forms from: Principal, 36 Bedford Square, WC1.

BIRKBECK College (University of London). Session 1958/59 begins Monday, 29 September 1958. Applications are invited from (i) part-time students wishing to follow evening courses for Internal Degrees in the Faculties of Arts and Science; (ii) full-time and part-time students wishing to read for Higher Degrees by thesis or to follow courses leading to MA and MSc. Mathematics, MSc, Crystallography, and the Academic Postgraduate Diplomas in Psychology and Numerical Analysis. Applications for admission should be made before 1 June. Pamphlet and form of applic may be obtained from the Registrar, Birkbeck College, Malet St WC1.

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